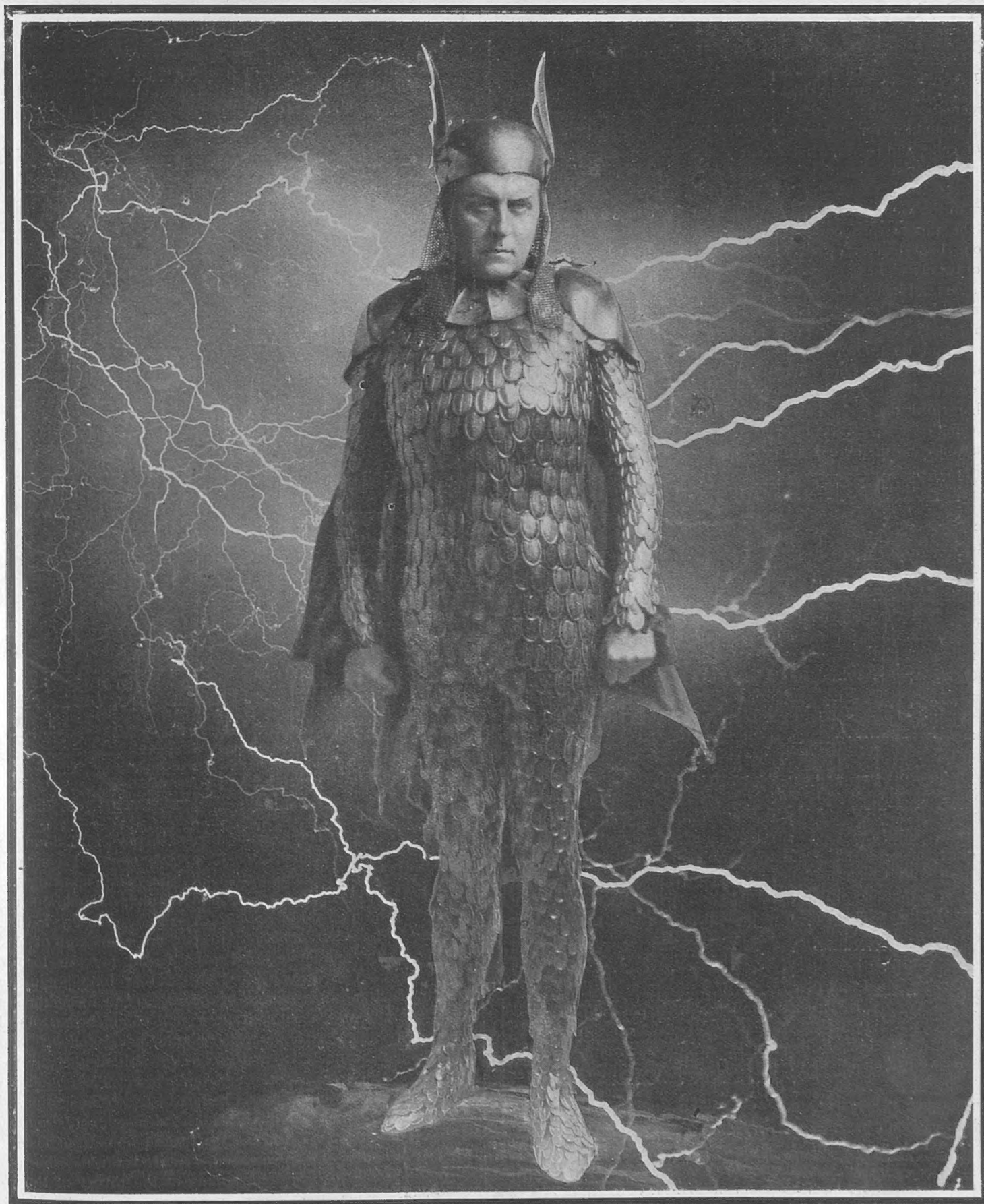


# The Sketch

No. 815.—Vol. LXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

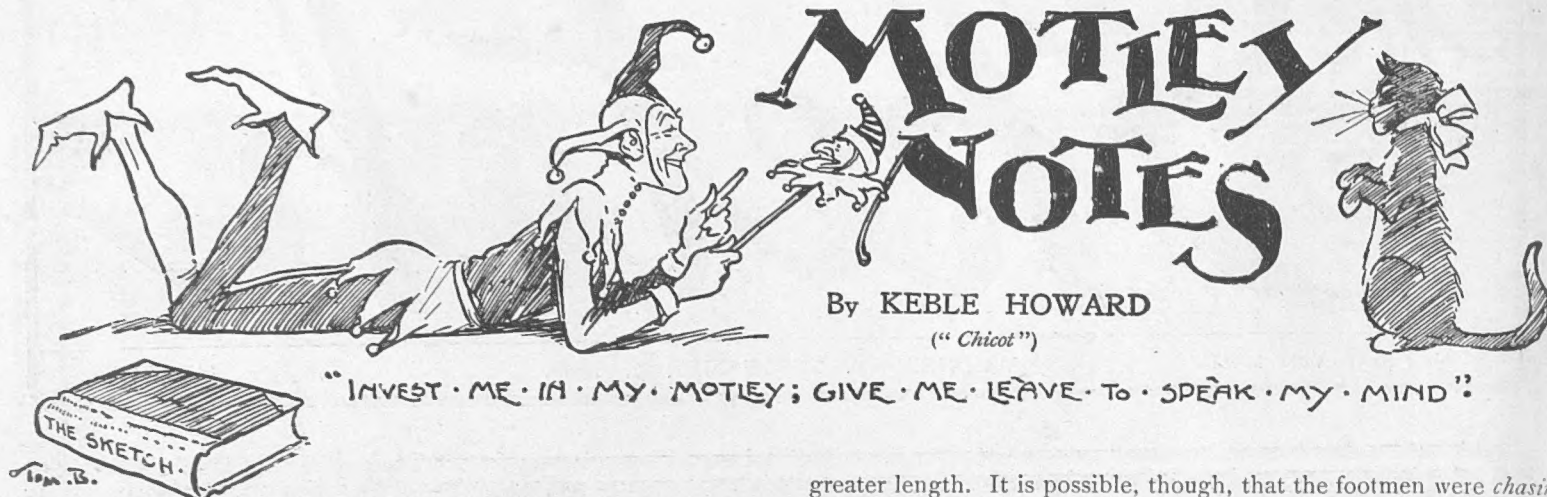


MR. TREE AS MEPHISTOPHELES IN "FAUST," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

"I WILL THE EVIL, I ACHIEVE THE GOOD."

*Photograph by F. W. Burford; setting (from a photograph supplied by Topical) by "The Sketch."*





**"Constant Reader."**

It was noon. The Mother of Nine had been busy ever since eight. Now, she thought, she might treat herself to a little rest, refreshment, and recreation. She sat down in the dining-room, and sent her second daughter for a glass of milk, her third daughter for a slice of cake, and her fourth son for the daily paper. She drank the milk, ate the cake, and, in the meantime, read the paper. She read, first of all, about the "Bungalow Murder." There was a picture of the victim, and she looked at that for quite a long time. Next she turned to a column headed "Great Gale." It seemed that one boat had gone ashore and become a total loss. Of her crew of twenty-eight officers and men, only eight were known to have been saved. Finally, the matron pitched upon a "piece" headed "German Love Drama." Here she learnt that a girl, maddened by jealousy, had shot her lover through the head whilst he was sleeping, and then, after destroying her letters to him, fired a bullet into her own heart. The matron read this story twice. At the end of the second reading, she had finished the milk and cake. She sent her third daughter into the kitchen for the correct time. News came back that it was after half-past twelve. "Mercy!" cried the matron. "And here I sit enjoying myself!"

**The Curse of Imagination.**

A vivid imagination is by no means a wholly enviable possession. Very few people have vivid imaginations. If they had, they would not read the newspapers. They could not. If I read an account of a murder in the newspaper, it fascinates me, but it also haunts me for days. I see the crime committed just as clearly as though I were actually looking on. I can see the expressions on the faces of the murderer and the victim, and think the thoughts of the victim. In a lesser degree, I can think the thoughts of the murderer, but only in a lesser degree, because such homicidal tendency as I have—everybody has some—is not, as yet, highly developed. My imagination has always been my bane. It required far more pluck in me to jump off a high wall than in boys without imagination. As I stood on top of the wall and looked down, I imagined the sensation of feeling one's leg breaking. I could hear the snap of the bone, and see it sticking through the skin. Then I would jump, rather than run the risk of being thought a funk. As one grows older, one tempers imagination with philosophy. Philosophy is the drug with which we lull our imaginations. Some people will tell you that severe physical exertion puts the imagination to sleep. Is that why sailors who have been clinging to the mast all night go mad?

**Question Time.**

I find that Mr. H. F. Luttrell, M.P., is puzzled. Mr. H. F. Luttrell has been putting this question to the electors of Bridestowe: "What good does it do for a man to have a lot of footmen running about after him—a lot of chairs to sit on? He can only sit on one at a time." Mr. H. F. Luttrell, M.P., has not, I fear, studied the footman question as closely as he might. The fact is that, if you are the right man, you can sit on any number of footmen at the same time. If you are not the right man, you may wear yourself to the bone in trying to sit on one solitary page-boy. Taking the question, however, in its literal sense, I wonder if Mr. H. F. Luttrell, M.P., has really ever seen an English gentleman in the act of playing "Follow my Leader" with his footmen? If he has, he is much to be envied. He might, I think, have described the scene at

greater length. It is possible, though, that the footmen were *chasing* the English gentleman. In this case, Mr. Luttrell is able to understand, surely, that the English gentleman had been ordered violent exercise by his doctor, and had therefore offered to double the wages of the first footman who caught him and pushed him down. This is often done in the less serious circles.

**THE END.**

(On the completion of a long piece of work.)

I have written it down—"THE END."  
My table is pushed away;  
I am lone and sad to-day:  
I have written it down—"THE END."

So long you have been with me, friend,  
You seemed a part of my life;  
Almost I took you to wife  
So long you have been with me, friend.

I have given you of my best:  
Maybe the judges will grieve;  
Yet you, I know, will believe  
I have given you of my best.

We have toiled when the world was gay;  
Stopping our ears to the sound  
Of London's merry-go round,  
We have toiled when the world was gay.

We have communed the livelong night:  
How swiftly the hours stole by  
As we talked, friend, you and I!  
We have communed the livelong night.

How we quarrelled and made it up!  
For sometimes your talk was wrong,  
And sometimes your tale seemed long:  
*How* we quarrelled and made it up!

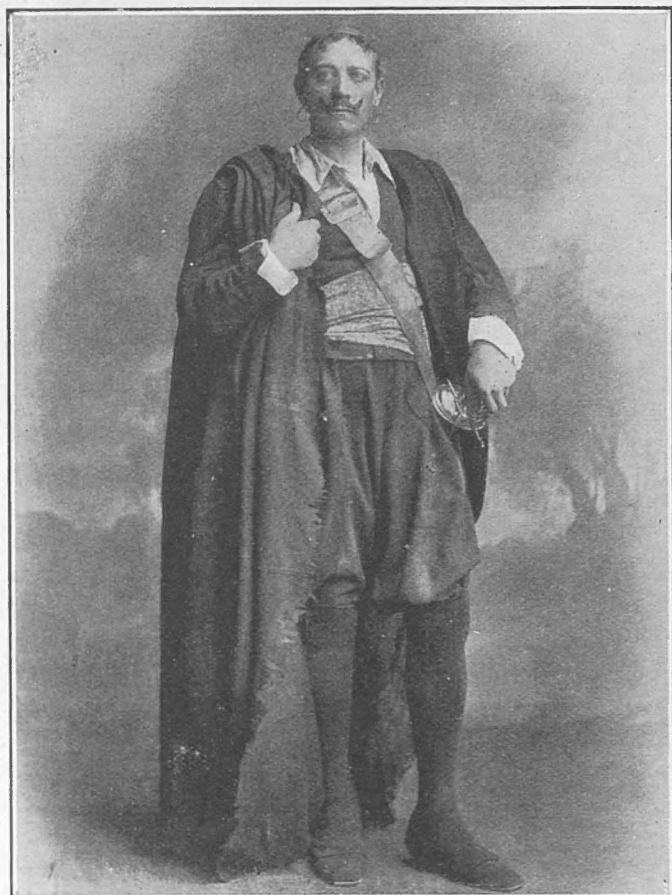
And soon you'll belong to the world.  
Will it treat you well or ill?  
Never mind. We're comrades still  
Although you belong to the world.

**The Boom in Bloodhounds.**

The extraordinary boom in bloodhounds reminds me of a little story. I commend it to the notice of the many sporting young ladies who are thinking of buying and training a bloodhound "just for fun." The police-inspector of a certain district, having, in the course of the day's bother, to put up some sort of bluff at catching a silly murderer, wired to a friend for the loan of a bloodhound. The friend wired back that bloodhound would arrive by next train, in charge of guard. The inspector sent a young constable to meet the train and conduct the animal to the scene of the sensation. The hound, being full of blood—the trifling affair occurred in the spring—ran all the way to the spot, dragging the young constable after him. Then, after a sniff or two, he doubled on his tracks and ran back to the station. The young constable tied him up outside the alehouse, and went inside for a glass of beer. When he came out the hound ran faster than ever to the scene of the accident. Arrived thither, he uttered one bell-like call of joy and sprang at the throat of the young constable. When the latter came out of the hospital, the inspector explained to him, between yawns, that the murderer was probably a beer-drinker. They were not sure, however, since he was still at large.



"I AM HERE!" "THE DUKE'S MOTTO," AT THE LYRIC.



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HENRI DE LAGARDÈRE, AND MISS VALLI VALLI AS BLANCHE DE NEVERS.

Mr. Lewis Waller arranged to produce Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's new play, "The Duke's Motto," yesterday (Tuesday) evening. The Duke's motto, it may be recalled, is "I am here!" and it may also be remembered that the original piece written round the theme was seen at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, exactly forty-six years before the day of Mr. Waller's production, and was described as a dramatisation of Paul Feval's novel, "Le Petit Parisien." It was at first stated that this play was the work of MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Feval; later, that it was the work of Victorien Sardou. The title of the French play was "Le Bossu." The English play on the same theme was produced at the Lyceum in 1863 under Fechter's management, and bore the title, "The Duke's Motto." This version was also known at other periods as "The Duke's Bequest," as "Blanche of Nevers; or, 'I Am Here!'" and as "The Duke's Daughter; or, the Hunchback and the Swordsman."—[Photographs by Ellis and Watery.]



## THE KAISER AS BALLET-MASTER: "SARDANAPALUS."



1. SARDANAPALUS, KING OF NINEVEH, DETERMINES TO BURN HIMSELF, HIS HOUSEHOLD, AND HIS TREASURES.

2. THE BURNING OF SARDANAPALUS, HIS QUEEN, AND HIS FAVOURITE SLAVES.

"Sardanapalus," the "historical pantomime" presented at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, last week, has not been received with conspicuous favour by the critics, who evidently are not awed by the great part the Kaiser has played in the production. Some years ago his Majesty decided that it would be an excellent thing to stage a new version of the ballet designed by Taglioni that was so popular in the 'sixties; and so soon as it was arranged to produce the ballet this season he set to work with a will, called to his aid famous Assyriologists headed by Professor Delitzsch, made sketches for costumes, scenery, and properties, and directed many a rehearsal. The great scene shows the burning of Sardanapalus, his Queen, and his favourite slaves.—

*Photographs by Scherl.*



## DANCER IN THE KAISER'S "HISTORICAL PANTOMIME."



FRÄULEIN KIERSCHNER AS THE SWORD-DANCER IN "SARDANAPALUS."

—It is to this scene of the burning of the King that various critics object, arguing that in a production where everything was to be sacrificed to accuracy it should not have been thought desirable to follow legend—to credit Sardanapalus with that extraordinary act of suicide that belongs to his son.

Photograph by Zander and Labisch.



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Wellington (Stanford); Die Walküre (Wagner), &c., &c.  
Messdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood. Ha e, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett,  
Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin,  
Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler.  
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		10*17	TUNBRIDGE WELLS	...	11 18
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		10*22	MARGATE SANDS	...	11 10
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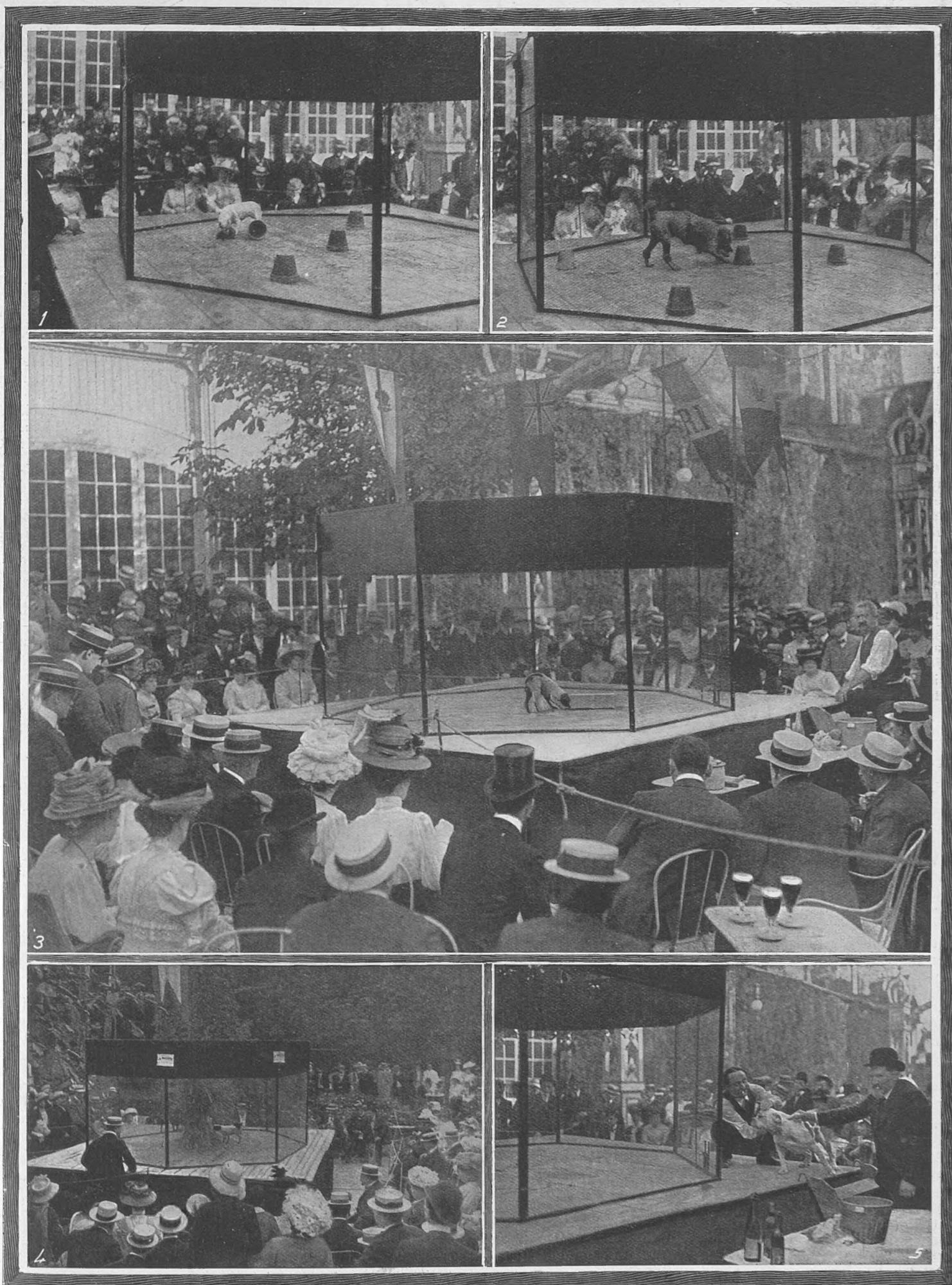
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# A NEW PASTIME FOR LADIES: IN THE "RATTODROME" AT THE MOULIN ROUGE.



1. A TERRIER TACKLING A RAT IN THE SPECIAL  
CLOSED "PIT."

2. A POODLE SEEKING A RAT THAT HAS BEEN PLACED UNDER  
ONE OF SEVERAL FLOWER-POTS.

3. WOMEN SPECTATORS AT A DOG v. RAT FIGHT AT THE MOULIN ROUGE.

4. A TERRIER SEARCHING FOR A RAT IN A BUNDLE OF STRAW.

5. THE ANXIETY OF A BULL-DOG TO GET AT THE RATS.

## WOMEN AS SPECTATORS AT DOG v. RAT FIGHTS IN PARIS.

The Moulin Rouge now has in its gardens what the Parisians have dubbed a "rattodrome," and in this many fights take place between dogs and rats. In some eyes, at all events, one of the most curious features of the contests is the number of ladies who witness them. To lend variety the dogs have to fetch the rats out of various hiding-places—for instance, from under flower-pots, from out of boxes, and from amongst straw. Rats, it may be said, are a veritable plague in Paris, and there is at least one rat-farmer, whose business it is to secure the vermin. Part of his catch, of course, goes to this Parisian rat-pit; another part, it is said, is exported to England.

*Photographs by Delius.*



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E.F.S. (Monocle).

"PETE"—"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD-FLOOR BACK"—"IDOLS"—  
"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS."

THE Lyceum Theatre has reopened with "Pete," a new version of "The Manxman," written by Mr. Hall Caine in collaboration with Mr. Louis N. Parker. The chief feature of the production is an excellent performance of the hero, Pete Quilliam, by Mr. Matheson Lang, who satisfies the demand for exaggerated sentiment without allowing us to forget that he is an actor made for better things. It is a simple domestic melodrama of a commonplace type, utterly unreal, but fairly well constructed and quite successful in its harrowing emotional effects. Pete comes home to marry Kate, who, in his long absence, has been unfaithful to him and given herself to Philip Christian. Philip's ambition makes of him an irresolute and conscience-stricken coward, while Pete behaves with a simple nobility which wins all hearts (including Kate's); and all ends happily, after four hours of prolonged tearfulness, enlivened by interludes of Manx local colour. There are the usual moral lessons, urged with much emphasis, which, in a play of this kind, are of little account. The other leading parts are played with all due melodramatic force by Miss Hutin Britton, Mr. Eric Mayne, and Mr. Frederick Ross.

It is a pity that Mr. Jerome did not treat the subject of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" as a fairy-story, and not as a portentous religious affair quaintly styled "an idle fancy"; it would have been pleasanter not to have to consider the leading actor as representing the founder of Christianity engaged in a rather ridiculous mission. For either the brutes of the Bloomsbury boarding-house were converted by a miracle or by a non-miraculous psychological action. If the former was the case, one notices that the method of the stranger is absurdly roundabout; if the latter, the machinery used for causing the conversion is grotesquely inadequate. Of course the introduction of the Divine figure serves a purpose other than merely that of showing how easily the Censor can be dodged, for it will give to many persons a great curiosity to see how the dramatist handles his character. As a matter of fact, Mr. Jerome pleased most of the audience, whilst the minority were rather bored by the mechanical monotony of the dramatic apparatus employed. How we longed for a recalcitrant sinner! The acting was quite excellent, and everybody was glad to see Mr. Forbes Robertson once more. No actor can have presented the Christ figure with more tact and charm. Miss Gertrude Elliott, if not quite real in dialect, played the slavey otherwise very well. Miss Haidée Wright and Miss Alice Crawford acted ably, and valuable assistance was given by Mr. Ernest Hendrie, Mr. Edward Sass, and Miss Agnes Thomas.

The critics have hurled the word "melodrama" fiercely at "Idols," the play by Mr. Roy Horniman with which Miss Evelyn

Millard has begun her career as manager at the Garrick. Melodrama it is, though not "naked and unashamed," as some say, but, in fact, rather injured by the attempt to give a genteel disguise to it. At the moment the public is all for melodrama, and there was quite an enthusiastic reception, which may have the unfortunate effect of causing Mr. Horniman to think that his rather clumsy, mechanical work is a worthy successor to "The Education of Elizabeth," a play which possessed some freshness, truth, and sense of humour—qualities absent from "Idols." Miss Millard acted

admirably, and looked lovely as the heroine. Messrs. Herbert Waring and Allan Aynesworth were very well chosen for the chief men's parts, and Mr. C. W. Somerset and Miss Edyth Latimer played very cleverly.

What every woman knows by now is that she has to drag her father, brother, cousin, lover, or husband, as the case may be—preferably lover or husband—to see Mr. Barrie's play: first, in order to take him down a peg; secondly, to put herself up two; and, thirdly, in order to spend a delightful evening. For "What Every Woman Knows" is the most charming of the author's plays—not, perhaps, the most perfect, but certainly the most truly human. One may regret trifles such as the poor joke connected with the title and the incredibility of the love episode between Shand and Sybil, because they diminish the artistic value of the work; they do not, however, diminish the pleasure given by it to most people. And what joy to the English to hear those terrible people from over the Border mercilessly ridiculed by one of them. I wish Dr. Johnson had been beside me in the stalls; perhaps he would have said something cruel about Mr. Barrie himself. Still the Scots may say that Maggie

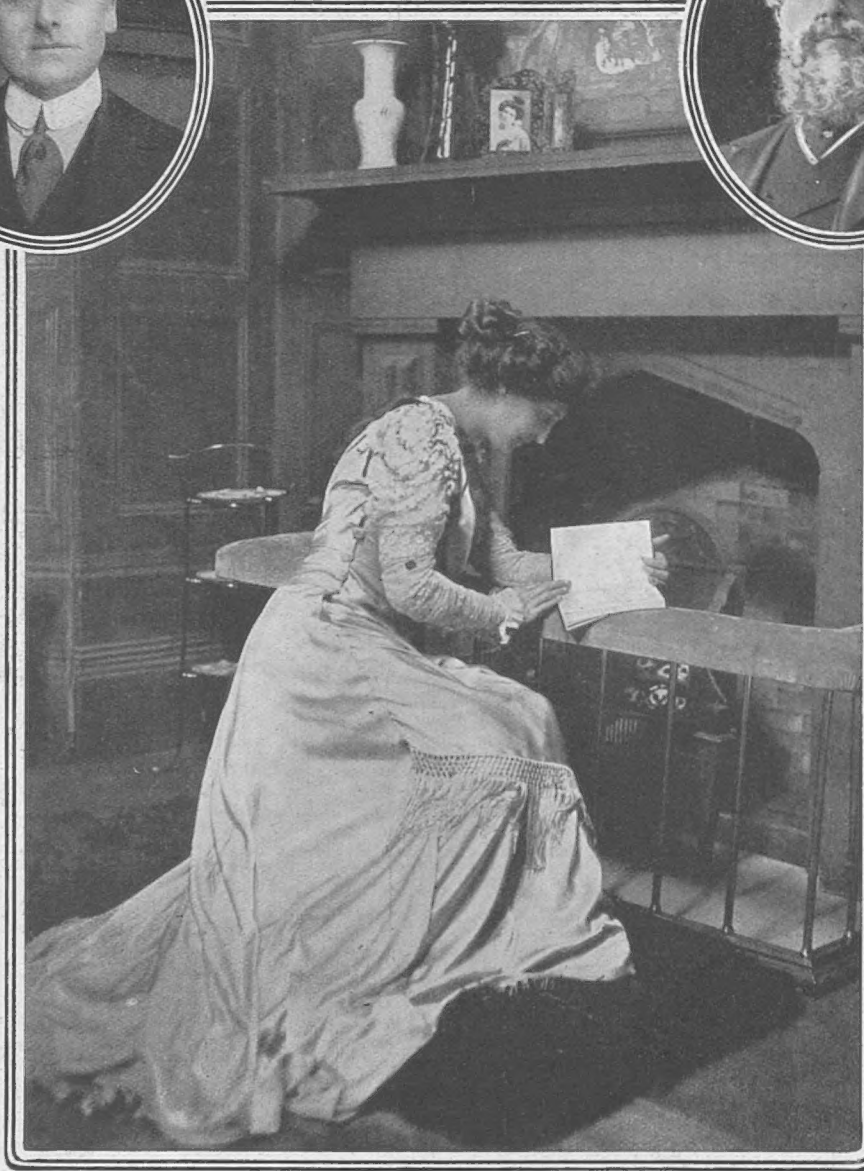
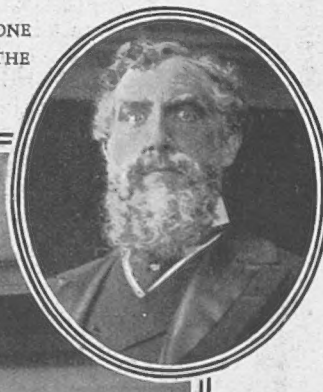
is one of them, and Maggie is one of the most delightful women ever presented on the stage. However, she is not really Scot or English, or Irish or French, but just a little pearl of perfection compounded out of the four nations.

Mr. Barrie has been fortunate in finding the ideal actress for the part. I have seen more tremendous acting during my fairly long career than that of Hilda Trevelyan, but none more perfect or delightful or entirely artistic. Mr. Barrie has conceived, quite originally, a beautiful type of woman: she realises it exquisitely. If every other element in the play were dull, it would be worth seeing for Maggie's sake. All the acting was capital. Mr. Du Maurier was superb in the first act, excellent all through. Messrs. Vibart, Valentine, and Gwenn were perfect as the quaint men of Maggie's family. Mrs. Tree was charming as the rather puzzling French Countess; and Miss Lillah McCarthy represented the naughty Sybil excellently.



MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH  
AS HUGH COLMAN, MER-  
RIAM'S "FRIEND."

MR. ALFRED BRYDONE  
AS JACOB HART, THE  
MONEYLENDER.



"IDOLS," AT THE GARRICK: MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS IRENE MERRIAM.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.



# THE ACTRESS WHO HAS MARRIED AN EARL:

YET ANOTHER GIBSON GIRL ROMANCE.



COUNTESS POULETT (FORMERLY MISS SYLVIA STOREY), DAUGHTER OF MR. FRED STOREY,  
THE WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN.

Last week came the announcement of yet another romance of the stage and the Peerage, and also of yet another Gibson Girl, for Miss Sylvia Storey, too, appeared as a stage representative of a Dana Gibson character. The Countess, who until quite recently was understudying Miss Olive May in "Havana," at the Gaiety, is a daughter of Mr. Fred Storey, the well-known comedian, who was so closely associated with Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren. She it was who appeared as Romney's "Lady Hamilton," in Mr. Seymour Hicks' production of "The Gay Gordons." William John Lydston Poulett is the seventh earl, and will be twenty-five on Friday. The wedding took place very quietly at St. James's Church, Piccadilly.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



THE POPULAR HOLDER OF A LIFE  
PEERAGE: LORD COLLINS.

*Photograph by Dover Street Studios.*

WIFE OF A FAMOUS JUDGE:  
LADY COLLINS.

*Photograph by Dover Street Studios.*

famous of German war-lords, known at home and abroad as the "Red Prince." His Royal Highness is a very important royal bachelor—indeed, at the present moment he is the only marriageable Prince of Great Britain and Ireland. Prince Arthur's engagement to a beautiful girl belonging to the high nobility has been often rumoured, but is authoritatively contradicted. Like his sisters, his Royal Highness is on terms of intimacy with many non-royal friends, and he is a frequent visitor to the famous sporting estates of the three kingdoms. With the exception of the Prince of Wales, he is the most travelled member of the royal family.

*Miss Clementine  
Hozier's Brides-  
maids.*

Mr. Winston Churchill's bride has elected to be followed to the altar next Saturday by an odd number of bridesmaids. The five young ladies who will play so prominent a rôle in what promises to be, in spite of the fact that Society is so scattered, the wedding of the year are closely related to either bride or bridegroom. The principal bridesmaid will, of course, be Miss Hozier's younger sister, Miss Nellie Hozier, and to her will be joined her first cousin, Miss Madeleine Whyte, a daughter of Lady Maude Whyte. Miss Venetia Stanley, the young daughter of Lord Stanley of Alderley, is a second cousin, and Miss Freven is the pretty, popular niece of Mrs. George West, and thus a first cousin

PRINCE Arthur of Connaught was destined for the Army from babyhood, for, like his father, he bears the name, and is in a sense the namesake, of the great Duke of Wellington. Doubtless the charming portrait of him as a child which we are able to reproduce was taken for his maternal grandfather, one of the most

Horse Show week, perhaps the palm must be given to Lady Annesley, who has had the misfortune to have some two thousand pounds' worth of her beautiful jewels stolen. As Miss Priscilla Armitage Moore, the Countess was considered the loveliest of Dublin Castle belles. She has the wonderful violet eyes and masses of golden-brown

hair  
for

which the daughters of Erin are famed, is a very keen sportswoman, and is known as one of the best lady golfers in the three kingdoms. She is able to indulge her love of outdoor life to the full at Castlewellan, where she entertained on a splendid scale and where great festivities took place on the coming-of-age of her step-son, Lord Glerawly.

*Lord and Lady  
Collins.*

Lord and Lady Collins of Kensington are well-known figures in the London world. The son of a Dublin Q.C., Lord Collins was educated at Cambridge, and both his judgments and his after-dinner speeches are illumined with his caustic and scholarly wit. He wears old-fashioned whiskers, and his hair is, or was, decidedly auburn. The story goes that when he was offered a puisne judgeship he delayed his acceptance till he had worked off some £700 worth of briefs on his table! The last case he had to argue at the Bar was the famous Jackson case, and not only the law lords, but their wives also, assembled to hear Mr. Collins maintain the right of the British husband to beat and imprison his wife if "so disposed." Once on the Bench, he did so well that he rose to be successively Lord Justice of Appeal, Master of the Rolls, and Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, with a life peerage. Lady Collins is the daughter of the late Dean of Clogher, Dr. Ogle Moore.



OUR BACHELOR PRINCE AS A BABY SOLDIER:  
PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT IN ONE  
OF HIS FIRST UNIFORMS.

*Photograph by Hughes and Mullins.*

of Mr. Winston Churchill. The fifth bridesmaid is Miss Horatia Seymour. It may be noted that all five are contemporaries of the lovely bride, and each is in her way singularly handsome. Miss Hozier's taste inclines rather to the splendid and stately than to the gay and frivolous; accordingly her attendant maids will wear quaint gowns of cream-coloured satin, and their black hats will be wreathed in pink and white flowers.

A Countess who has lost some of her jewels. Among the many beautiful women who grace the Irish Court, and entertain during

*Mrs. Ivor  
Guest.*

Perhaps the most popular hostess in Northamptonshire is Mrs. Ivor Guest, the beautiful wife of Lord Wimborne's son and heir. She and her husband have now been for five years the owners of Ashby St. Ledgers, the splendid Elizabethan mansion where the Gunpowder Plot was hatched. Mrs. Guest, who is the daughter of Lord and Lady Ebury, has unique jewels, including a parure of diamonds nearly two hundred years old. Her little son and heir—who, by the way, is a godson of Mr. Winston Churchill—is in great request at weddings, for he makes an ideal page.



A COUNTESS WHO HAS HAD SOME OF HER  
JEWELS STOLEN: LADY ANNESLEY.

*Photograph by Lafayette.*



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR HOSTESSES IN  
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE: THE HON. MRS. IVOR  
GUEST.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]



## THE NEW MARGUERITE SEVEN YEARS AGO.



MISS MARIE LOHR, WHO IS PLAYING MARGUERITE IN "FAUST" AT HIS MAJESTY'S,  
AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.

Miss Lohr, the Marguerite in "Faust," at His Majesty's, was born at Sydney, N.S.W., in 1890, and made her first appearance on the stage there when she was six. In 1901, the year in which our photograph was taken, she appeared in "The Man who Stole the Castle." During the following year she toured with the Kendals. In 1905 she played at the Comedy, and in the following year she was again on tour with the Kendals, and was seen as Rosey Mackenzie in "Colonel Newcome." Her career has been a series of triumphs. It may be said, perhaps, that her first outstanding success in London was when she played Beatrix Dupré in "My Wife," at the Haymarket last year.

*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

# "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?"

## WHY NOT ENCOURAGE DUELLING?



1. DIPPING THE POINTS OF THE DUELLING-SWORDS INTO AN ANTISEPTIC FLUID BEFORE THE FIGHT.

2. ONE OF THE PRINCIPALS AND HER SECONDS.

3. A TOUCH.

4. SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

5. DOCTORS ATTENDING THE WOUNDED DUELLIST, WHILE HER OPPONENT TURNS A SCORNFUL BACK UPON HER.

### A DUEL BETWEEN WOMEN: SCENES ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR.

A cynic answers the eternal question, "What shall we do with our girls?" by suggesting that we shall teach them all the use of the duelling-sword, and abetish the laws against duelling so far as women are concerned, arguing that women are naturally prone to quarrel one with the other, and that if duels were allowed the number of women workers would be reduced considerably, to the lasting benefit of the others. We do not necessarily endorse the cynic's suggestion; still, it could not possibly harm our girls if they learned to use the épée; at least it would add to the grace of their movement, and give them good exercise.—[Photographs by Branger.]



# *Pillars of the Playhouse.*

*Studies of Worshippers at the Shrine of Thespis.*



I.—THE LEWIS WALLERITES.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Walk Up! Walk Up!

It is a blessed and providential thing that we are not all languishing in prison-cells or dungeons dank and dripping. We have been committing outrageous contempt of court by laughing at Mr. Justice Eve. He paid his twopence to see a showman's "mermaid," and was so angry at finding the thing a fraud that, as he tells us, he felt most disposed to smash it. What did he expect for his twopence? As a matter of fact, he got his entertainment cheaply; for generations past men have been going to see the same sort of fake, and paying six times the price. The show-mermaid is almost always the same thing—the head, arms, and ribs of a deceased monkey neatly joined on to the headless body of a fish.

The Bride of Lammermoor.

The reference upon this page of last week to literary originals recalls Hare's story of as tragic a figure as "The Woman in White." The original Lucy Ashton of "The Bride of Lammermoor" was a daughter of an Earl of Balcarres. The Master of Ravenswood was Lord Ruthford. The Bride was one of eleven children, their mother being Anne, only daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple of Castleton. Lord Balcarres was nigh upon sixty when she met him. She made herself agreeable, and he fell in love with her at a house-party at Lady Keith's. He proposed, but she laughed at the notion, and he went away disconsolate. But he made a will bequeathing everything to her, and, hearing of it, she said, "Well, he must really care for me, and I will marry him." She did, and became the mother of eleven children. These she ruled with such austerity that one day she saw a long procession of children of all ages, from three years upwards, marching in a line from the house, the eldest boy carrying the baby on his back. They were going forth to seek their fortunes, and to escape her severity. The future Bride of Lammermoor was one of the fugitives.

Grim Memorials.

Doubtless it is good and right to preserve some memorial of the site of the Tyburn Tree, and lovers of old London will be glad of the assurance that a tablet is to be erected on the spot. To compare the proposed tablet with that which marks the scene of Savonarola's martyrdom is, however a little incongruous. Of Tyburn, with its memories of bestial horror, no man can feel proud—of the recollection of its galleries, whence executions were viewed as stimulating entertainments, of the spot on which a thief stole the executioner's shoes, removed in order that that officer might with greater facility ascend the ladder to swing upon the shoulders of

the struggling criminal dangling from the noose. The tree itself—the three-legged mare, as they called it—the brewers should know. One of their representatives had it in his cellar in a London tavern as a rest for his beer-barrels. Those on the look-out for memorials of this sort should examine the foundations of Cumberland Gate. Buried there is a stone with the informative inscription, "Here soldiers are shot." When Cumberland Gate was constructed, the old stone could not be easily removed from its anchorage, so they built over it.

The Hoards of India.

Where is all the hoarded wealth of India, of which the *Times* has been telling us, and to whom does it go? Tradition has it that the old hill-forts of the Dependency teem with treasure. In days of feud and raid, wealthy families menaced with danger hid their wealth in the hills. The secret of its whereabouts was confided only to the lowest class of native servants. These, it was argued, would, from their lowly position, be indifferent to the possession of wealth, and those who have studied the subject believe that such treasure was actually buried, and that the secret was faithfully kept. Fear and superstition may have had something to do with the safety

of the hoards, for where a cobra is not the reputed guardian of the fastness, then genii far more terrible are. Sir Montagu Gerard firmly believed the stories, and cited one or two examples which might well have piqued the curiosity of the noble army of treasure-seekers.

**After Many Days.** The Postmaster-General's recovery of his strayed gold, and the way he has acknowledged it, has set many people looking for lost packages in hats that travel by the train. It is quite a story-book incident, and some-

body is bound to make a fortune, or win a pretty bride, or get run down by a motor-car through it; such a thing could not fitly end here. That is the beauty and reward of finding other people's property. It is different when that discovered is one's own. One of the most remarkable instances of this occurred to a gentleman in Ghent. He wore night and day a ring given him by his dying wife. One day it was missing, and he was disconsolate, regarding the loss as portentous of coming ill. Two years passed, and the anniversary of his wife's death

came round. He was standing on the Quai aux Oignons, waiting to cross the bridge, idly prodding his stick into the mud. Something bright caught his eye, and he worked away until he was able to employ his fingers and draw out the glittering object. It was the lost ring, of course, or the story would not be repeated; but the unsatisfactory part of it is that it ends there.



HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH WET: THE REAL MERMAN WALKS.

(See Double-Page in Supplement.) Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH WET: THE REAL MERMAN CYCLES.

(See Double-Page in Supplement.) Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



## CANNY CANUTE: HIS DAILY LIFE—II.



CANNY CANUTE (*who has been playing with his little brother's Noah's Ark*): I don't think I shall want any supper to-night, mother.  
I've just eaten two elephants and four tigers.

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MR. JEROME K. JEROME, author of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," who is likely to have a second play produced this season at the West End, once gave a deliciously humorous answer to Juliet's famous question, "What's in a name?" It happened when he was in America, whither he had gone to rehearse one of his plays, which was to be produced by a company then on tour. He arrived at a little New England town in which the company was to play, and duly signed his name in the hotel register. He was probably tired, and the signature was rather badly written, but the surname was sufficiently distinct. In due course, a youthful local reporter arrived at the hotel, and looking through the register to see if there were any interesting names, caught sight of Mr. Jerome's. At once he jumped to the conclusion that the author was Mr. Jerome, the candidate for the office of State Attorney in the election which was then pending. Without more ado, although it was one o'clock in the morning, the enterprising young man jumped into the lift, and making his way to Mr. Jerome's door, banged at it. Eventually, Mr. Jerome was awakened, and the young man went in. Not unnaturally, Mr. Jerome was angry at being disturbed, and his anger made him indifferent to anything that might happen to the reporter, who, as the room was only dimly lighted, was not able to recognise that the personality of the author was not that of the politician, or else was ignorant of the identity of the latter, and was therefore unable to discover the difference. Be that as it may, he duly asked his questions, and Mr. Jerome duly gave his views on American political and legal matters with vigour. He expressed his opinion on the leading men of New York with a freedom which surprised even the journalist, used to the plain speaking and plain writing of America. As he went on, Mr. Jerome got more and more eloquent, and even denounced the President, and committed the semi-sacrilegious crime of abusing the name of Abraham Lincoln. Eventually that young reporter left with his hair almost standing on end as the result of the diatribes of Mr. Jerome, who had to leave the town by an early morning train, and was therefore unaware of the excitement his interview caused, or the fate of the

too-pushing reporter who had so unceremoniously disturbed his first sleep.

No more striking or dramatic application was ever made to a manager than one received last week by Miss Loie Fuller, who was doing her wonderful Fire Dance at the London Hippodrome. A lady with her little daughter of six called at her hotel to see Miss Fuller, who, naturally asked what the lady desired. Before she could answer the little girl advanced, and, reaching out her arms to Miss Fuller, exclaimed, "Oh, Mamma, let me tell her!" Then, her eyes ablaze with excitement, she

began humming her own music and dancing to it. As she danced, the child's face became transformed as she forgot everything but the fact that she was dancing for one of the accredited dancers of the world. Her eyes became alight with happiness, the spirit of genius filled her little soul, and she danced and danced "as only the angels can dance," to use Miss Fuller's own picturesque words. As soon as the dance was finished, the child bounded into Miss Fuller's arms and said with delightful naïveté, "I love you. Do help me to dance. No one has ever helped me but mother, and she can't dance. She's too poor to make me a dancer, and she says you are a great dancer. Will you take me? I have always wanted to dance ever since I was three years old, and now I'm six. Oh, will you take me?" It is needless to say that Miss Fuller has taken the little dancer, whose visit had been brought about by the fact that she had heard someone say that, if Miss Fuller could see her dance, she would make a great dancer of her. And the dancing lessons have begun.

Mr. J. H. Barnes' appearance at the head of the cast of "The Sands o' Dee," at the Hippodrome, has caused the chronicling of the fact, unknown to most of the playgoers of the present generation, that he made his debut on the stage, not in a juvenile part—for which he was so eminently fitted by reason of the physical attributes which were shortly to win him the popular sobriquet, "Handsome Jack"—but as the double of the late Sir Henry Irving in "The Bells." He appeared as Matthias about to murder the Polish Jew in the sledge in the "vision" the real Matthias sees at the end of the first act; and at the end of the play it was his duty to lie on the bed and, stretching his hand between the curtains, put out the candle. As Mr. Barnes was introduced to the stage by a mutual friend of his and Sir Henry Irving, and as he was very young at the time, he thought he could go where the leading actors were, although in those days, far more than is the case now, the line of demarcation between the principals and the unimportant people was very strongly drawn. As Mr. Barnes stood by Sir Henry one day, after the rehearsal was over, the conversation somehow turned on the politicians of the moment, and the name of Mr. Chamberlain, who was then playing his part, not on the great Imperial stage, but on the then somewhat circumscribed provincial one of Birmingham, was mentioned. At once Sir Henry turned, and, with the intuitive gift which genius has for recognising genius, said: "I fancy we shall hear a great deal more of that young man, Joe Chamberlain of Birmingham, before he has finished." It was a remarkable prophecy, which even Mr. Chamberlain's political opponents will admit the years have abundantly fulfilled.



A NIECE OF MRS. HALL-GAINE IN A HALL-GAINE PLAY, MISS DORA CLEMENTS, WHO IS APPEARING AS MEG IN "PETE."

Photograph by Hana.

said, "I want to dance for you; will you let me?" With her generous artistic sensibilities aroused, Miss Fuller, who loves children very dearly, took the little one in her arms and said, "Of course, I will let you dance for me." The child stepped back, and gently pushing her mother aside, she



"THE ALHAMBRA'S GENEE", Mlle. BRITTA PETERSEN.

Mlle. Petersen is to make her debut as première danseuse at the Alhambra on a date not yet fixed. Like Mlle. Genée, she is a Dane, and it is believed that she will be to the Alhambra what her countrywoman has been to the Empire. She has met with much success at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen and at the Scala in the same city. If report be true, her engagement at the Alhambra is for five years.



## THE BIG STICK AGAIN!



MR. JOHNSON (after listening to the "tale"): Yes, yes. It's all very dreadful. To think you should be obliged to beg—a big, strong man like you.

HE OF THE BIG STICK: Well, guvner, yer see, in these 'ere 'ard, oncharitable times yer just 'ave ter be big and strong afore yer can go beggin' at all.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

WHAT, after all, is a "gentleman"? Definitions are obviously difficult, if only because views vary, and there is an inevitable veering between convention's gentleman and that rather vague personage, "Nature's nobleman," as the phrase runs, making its bow to alliteration. Cardinal Newman, in a passage which all quote and some even learn by heart, declares that "it is almost the definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain." The poor surgeon-dentist—that modern Cellini of too real life, worker in gold on ivory—is therefore an outcast from "Society." Yet his brother, the physician, who does dine out, inflicts pain; so does the priest, if he is "faithful," and prosy at sermon-time. And so in war-time does the officer who, in common parlance, is, all the same, "an officer and a gentleman."

Of course, the Cardinal's vagueness is only a verbal one on such points as these. But the inherent difficulty of the definition is apparent when he proceeds to tell us that the gentleman "is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd." The last touch is the most endearing; and yet great gentlemen have been unmerciful towards the absurd, and thus cured the absurdity, being "cruel only to be kind."

And when the Cardinal goes on to say that the gentleman "is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome," one ponders with pity on the innumerable honourable and upright bores whose birth, upbringing, and learning have been both gentle and manly. Must all the great talkers go by the board? Must Dr. Johnson, who, in spite of his ill manners, had the gravity and dignity of the real gentleman; must that brother Cardinal who talked in forty languages; must Macaulay, at sound of whom men stopped their ears; must all the intellectual men—gentlemen, I had almost said—who have been perforce prominent in their own circle and masterful among their fellows, be banished from the ranks of the elect? And yet the gentleman must "avoid all clashing of opinion, all collision of feeling"; and "he never speaks of himself except when compelled," says Newman—an "except" which he himself, in practice, interpreted in a manner that means reprieve for all charming egoists.

By some fortunate chance, Newman did not insist that the English gentleman (whatever may be held in Paris of the French one) should speak or write without a flaw. He would have made a poor bargain for himself had he done so; for one clause of his definition is this—that the gentleman's "great concern is to make everyone at their ease and at home."

The Army has so often used the pen to good purpose that it is never surprising to light afresh upon a distinguished soldier who wrote with some generalship of words. Wolfe, when he recited Gray's "Elegy" and made his pretty speech, paid a compliment to Letters—a compliment returned, with interest, when Ruskin said that all his books might have been written by a living General. And Wolfe's compliment is all the more valuable if one knows that he himself had a very pretty style on paper. Had his life been

written by Southey, as was once contemplated, instead of by Robert Wright, we should probably have long been familiar with the young soldier's amiable home-letters. As it is, they are safely printed, and buried, in Robert Wright's biography; and the first that many of us know of Wolfe the letter-writer is through the unpublished fragments now put into a *Nineteenth Century* article by Mr. Beckles Willson.

The Wolfe we picture to ourselves, the Wolfe we find pictured in the National Portrait Gallery, is wonderfully boyish. Even Wolfe the conqueror of Quebec, and Wolfe wounded and dying, is one of History's youngest figures. And yet we know there was stern, mannish stuff hidden behind the weak young face. So in his letters. The diction and the sentences are often boyish; sometimes, indeed, it is nearly a schoolboy awkwardness that asserts itself. And yet there is beneath the surface the sweetness, consideration, and thought of experience and age. Nor did he write except under difficulties. Having paid his suit to a young lady dis-

approved by his parents, his mother decided to punish him with silence. A great number of his letters, therefore, are written to one who made neither answer nor acknowledgment; and to have been genial under such unkind circumstances may be said to constitute the young man's first Quebec. Nor was it a small triumph for him to write home good-humouredly and lightly of the lady whom he foreswore out of respect to his

parents' wishes. Staying with the lady's uncle in 1754, he wrote—

My mistress's picture hangs up in the room where we dine. It took away my stomach for two or three days, and made me grave; but time, the never-failing aid to distressed lovers, has made the resemblance of her a pleasing but not dangerous object. However, I find it best not to trust to the lady's eyes or put confidence in any resolutions of my own.

There, sure enough, you see his fine generalship in the making.

Sir A. Conan Doyle has succumbed once more to Sherlock Holmes. Long ago, as a letter just published in the *Memoirs of David Christie Murray* reminds us, the inventor of the Baker Street detective wearied of his creature. He killed him. If we remember right, he flung him from a cliff, shook him off his own shoulders and over the precipice with one motion, and wiped his brow with relief. But if there is one sort of murder that an author cannot commit, it is the murder of his own characters. Do you suppose that Mr. Meredith can ever get quite clear of the egoism of the "Egoist," or refrain from adding aphorisms to the note-books of Sir Austin Feverel? Did Stevenson ever cease from hearing the clatter of John Silver's wooden leg? If once an author breathes life into a character, he is hard put to it to squeeze it out again; he must go on, in his own mind, feeding his child and adding to his invention. So it has been with Sherlock Holmes. He refused to be killed; he has haunted his author's mind with his problems and his solutions until now he is fairly reinstated. And, in an age of undiscovered crimes, we are ready, if only for his possible educational influence on future members of the Force, to give him our hand in greeting.

M. E.



(DRAWN BY HOPE READ.)

## THE RULING PASSION.

THE LATE COMER (anxiously): How far have they got with the programme?  
MAJOR STYMIE (an ardent golfer): Seven up and two to play.



# HOW WOULD HE LIKE IT?

IF MAN HAD TO BEAR THE TORTURES OF THE DOCKED HORSE.



1. A DOCKED HORSE TORTURED BY THE FLIES IT CANNOT WHISK AWAY.

2. A MAN PLACED IN THE POSITION IN WHICH HE IS TOO FOND OF PLACING THE HORSE.

From time to time comes an outcry against the docking of horses' tails, and again and again it is asked how man would like to be placed in the position in which he is overfond of placing the horse, how he would care to be so treated that he could not defend himself from the fly. This question Mr. Goodwin puts here graphically in pictorial form.

DRAWN BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN.

## Two Novels in a Rutshell.

### A SURPRISE VISIT.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

"OH, dear!" said a voice with a suggestion of tears in it. The young man paused—and let it be recorded to his credit that he had not seen her face.

She was a charming, though obviously distressed, little lady, as she stood at the half-open gate. She seemed for the moment taken aback as the light of the lamp fell on the young man's face. He had been walking deep in thought, and thought is a sign of age, and sits, perhaps, awkwardly upon the unaccustomed shoulders of youth. Observing her confusion, he sought to reassure her with a bow—a bow suggestive of white hair, even whiskers, unfortunately mislaid on this particular night.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he murmured.

"I don't know what to do," she declared piteously.

The young man endeavoured to smile intelligently. It was the least, and for the moment the most, he could do.

"I've been ringing for nearly twenty minutes," she complained, "and they won't answer." Her tone created the impression that the inmates were sitting within wondering what spiritual phenomenon was affecting the bell.

"Perhaps," suggested the young man, "they are in bed"—a not particularly helpful remark, even if correct.

She looked at him in wide-eyed astonishment.

"At ten o'clock!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"One reads of such habits," he said, "in the newspapers." He glanced at the darkened windows. "They may be out."

"Out! But where?"

This, not knowing their habits, the young man declined to guess.

"You are sure it's the right house?"

"Of course—'53.' This is '53,' isn't it?"

Investigation proved that it was.

"I don't often make mistakes," said the young lady; she did not say it conceitedly—she merely mentioned it as a fact.

"You are not, perhaps, expected," suggested the young man, resting his hand on the gate.

"Not until to-morrow. I thought I would pay—my sister—a surprise visit to-night."

"That's the worst of surprises," he began; then it occurred to him that, though true enough, it was not, under the circumstances, particularly consoling. He paused.

"They've just moved here," went on the young lady, "so I don't know any of the neighbours."

"But surely, under the circumstances —"

"I prefer not to," interrupted the girl coldly.

She made a valiant effort to smile cheerfully.

"They must come home sooner or later," she said. "Thank you."

The young man received her bow of dismissal with dismay.

"But I can't leave you," he protested. "You mustn't dismiss me like that."

"I—I was releasing you," she said.

"I refuse to be released," he declared stubbornly.

Her smile now partook less of the nature of an effort.

"Thank you," she said. "I was so afraid you *would* go."

"What we have to do," he said briskly, concealing his gratification under a great show of energy, "is to get into the house." He eyed it as Agamemnon might have regarded Troy. "You can't wait here in the cold"—the atmosphere was almost suggestive of a thunderstorm, but the dramatic instinct recked little of such—"until your sister or the servants—I suppose they must be out too—choose to come home."

"No," she agreed, placing her fate in his hands with simple confidence, "of course not."

"The point is, *how* to get in."

"Yes," she assented, "*I've* been trying for ever so long."

"We—that is to say, I—must break in."

"It's not as if it were a stranger's house," he said soothingly, in response to her gasp.

"But *can* you break in?"

"Modern window-fastenings," explained the young man, who had recently read a newspaper paragraph on the subject, "are simply invitations to burglars."

He clambered on to the low balcony in front of the window, involving himself in a catastrophe of flower-pots as he did so.

The girl, with half-frightened admiration, observed him extract his knife, and by its means slip back the catch of the window. She watched him with whole-hearted admiration—such is the effect of success on the onlooker—as he raised the window, and, with a parting smile of encouragement, disappeared into the house.

"Do be careful," she called out, as a noise suggestive of an overturned table reached her ear.

Her warning, if heard, was unheeded, for the disturbance assumed cataclysmic proportions. Her feeling of alarm gave way to curiosity, and by the aid of a small Gladstone, which she dragged from the doorstep, she in her turn mounted the balcony.

"It's all right," gasped the voice of her deliverer, as she peered in at the window, "don't be"—his voice broke off suddenly, and a subdued struggle appeared to be taking place—"alarmed," he resumed presently, somewhat more breathlessly. "I've got him all right."

"Got whom?" she asked in bewilderment.

"If you could manage to climb in and light a match we could see."

"Climb in? Oh, I couldn't. Yes; all right, if you . . . all right."

A moment later she was by his side, and saw that he was kneeling on a prostrate and gasping man.

"It's a burglar," explained the young man; "we must tie him up. Have you a piece of rope?"

Her lack of the necessary article made the girl realise yet more vividly her helplessness in the crisis.

"A handkerchief?" she suggested, and proffered.

"Well, perhaps," said the young man. "That's no use," he added, dropping the fragment of lace and cambric to the ground.

"Wait a moment." She darted out of the room, and the sound of a minor maelstrom in the next room gave promise of speedy assistance.

"Here you are," she said, running back; "it's a table-cloth. I'm afraid I've upset a lot of things, but it was so dark."

By the aid of this they partly bound, partly swathed, their captive into a condition of helplessness.

"Why doesn't he speak?" she demanded, as the conqueror rose to his feet and commenced searching his pocket for matches. "I should."

"He began to," explained the young man drily, "while you were in the next room. So I rammed my handkerchief into his mouth. By the way," he added, as he lit the gas, "I suppose he doesn't by any unlucky chance happen to belong to—"

"I never saw him before," the girl reassured him. "What an awful-looking man."

The young man surveyed his prize considerably.

"Oh, well," he demurred, "you're seeing him under disadvantages. The handkerchief makes him that purple colour. Perhaps," he added thoughtfully, "if you'll go into the next room, I'll—unpack it a little. His eyes seem a little too . . . we don't want to be too hard on him."

"Poor man," said the girl sympathetically, as she turned to obey; "he may have been driven by hunger, mayn't he?"

"A starving wife, perhaps," thought her companion, eyeing the rotund figure.

"He seems to be breathing more naturally now," he said, when he rejoined her.

He lit the gas, and gazed at the floor with puckered brows.

"I say, you have made a mess here. I suppose it was their supper."

The girl turned to him with a despairing smile.

"I didn't know there was anything on the table," she said, "until I pulled the cloth off. It is awful, isn't it? One thing, Ethel is very good-tempered."

"Well, that's a good— What's the matter?"

The girl was staring round the room with bewilderment and alarm on her face.

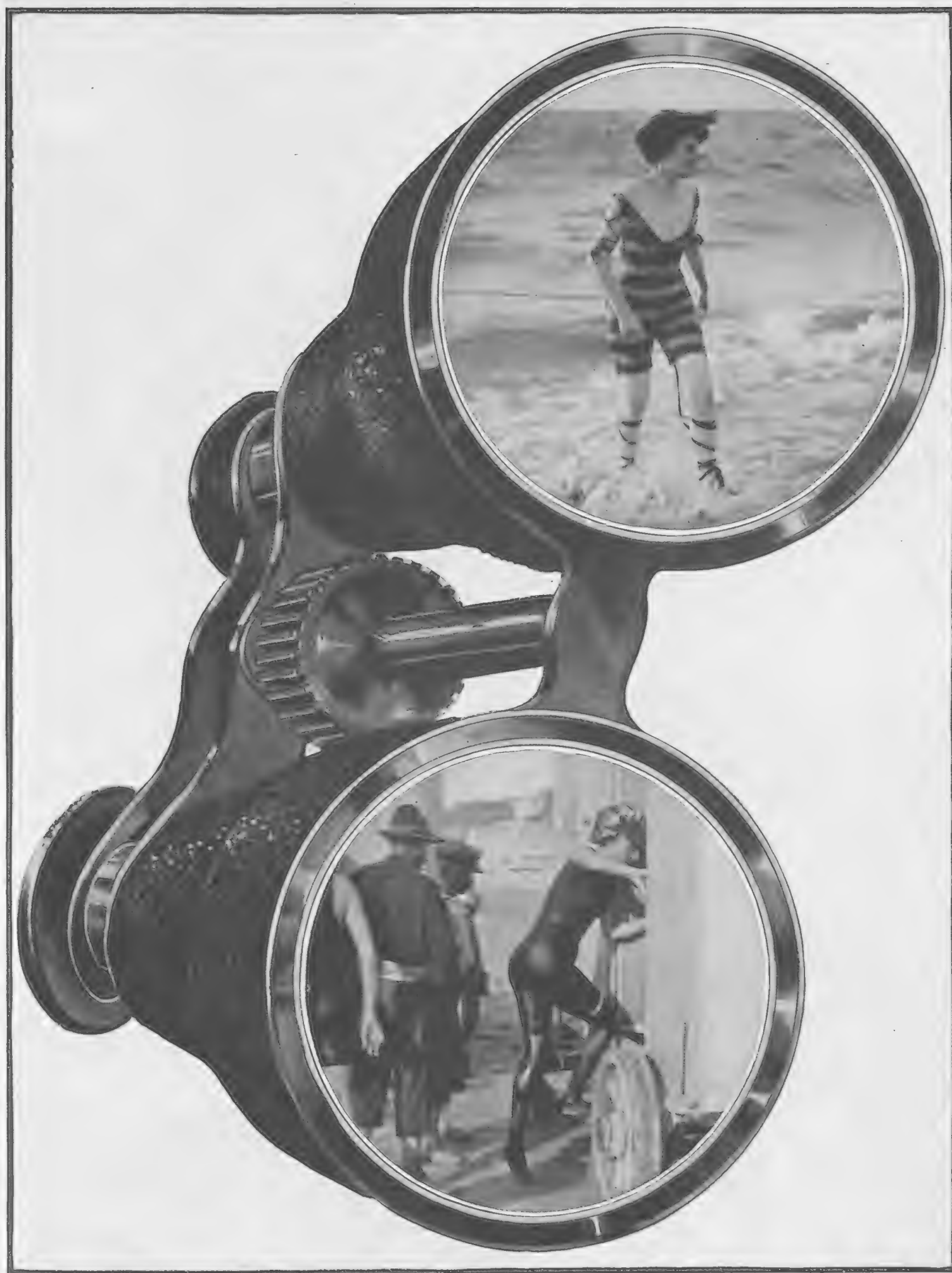
"I—I," she began, and then paused. She took a candlestick from the sideboard and lit the candle at the gas. "Do you mind just coming to the foot of the stairs," she asked in trembling tones, "in case—"

When she came downstairs again she was very white, with two red patches on her cheeks.

"There's a work-room up there," she said, sinking into a chair.

[Continued overleaf.]

DRESS THAT HAS BEEN SEEN AT THE SEASIDE.



"THE GLASS OF FASHION—AND THE MOULD OF FORM," AT TROUVILLE.



"That man was probably working there; that's why he didn't hear the bell."

"Working?" queried her companion. "You don't mean——"

"Yes I do. *You* saw the number was '53,' didn't you?"

"It's not the wrong house?"

She nodded dismally.

"'53, Claremont Road,' I'm sure was the address though," she added in self-exculpation.

"Claremont?" He gazed round the room, and his eye fell on an envelope on the sideboard. "I thought so—I wasn't sure. *This* is Benares Road. Claremont is the next turning."

The girl stared at him helplessly.

"Whatever shall I do?" she said in a frightened whisper. "That *idiot* of a cabman!" she added viciously.

"Under the circumstances," mused the young man, "to explain would be—well, an unthankful task."

"But we must."

Her fellow-housebreaker looked at her from the corner of his eye.

"Do you mean 'must' *morally*? Because, if not—the man in the next room is not likely to know us again."

The girl looked at him, gnawing the knuckle of her forefinger hesitatingly; then she rose stealthily to her feet.

"I hope," murmured the young man, as they let themselves out by the front door, "for the sake of our—er—host, the others won't be late getting home."

## THE UNDYING PAST.

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.

SHE was the prettiest of maids, in the daintiest of sun-bonnets: but his eyes were fixed on the little white gate. He approached it with reverential steps. It was here they had met, it was here they had parted. That summer of '88, never had there been such another summer. He felt himself senile, prehistoric. Involuntarily his shoulders bowed, his face grew creased with wrinkles.

It was not until he raised his eyes and saw himself observed by the lady that he regained his youth.

Though startled, he lost nothing of his customary grace.

"I crave your pardon," he murmured, doffing a hat which disclosed no grizzled locks.

She granted it with a gracious bow; and then, as he still lingered, raised inquiring, almost protesting eyebrows.

Was she not a woman—would she not sympathise with his pilgrimage! He resolved to confide in her.

"I am re-visiting," he said accordingly, "the scenes of my boyhood."

"Indeed," said she. "It was some time ago?"

"Twenty years," he sighed, "by the calendar: by memory, yesterday."

"You see," he explained—diffuseness was not one of his failings—"she was my first love."

"How romantic! Do you remember her name?"

"I shall never forget it. Her name"—he groped in the recesses of his memory—"her name was Mabel."

"Mabel," echoed the young lady, her lip between her teeth.

"It was here"—he laid his hand affectionately upon the gate—"we first met."

"It's wet," she warned him.

He withdrew his hand hastily.

"It had just been painted," he mentioned as a strange coincidence. "on that unforgettable day. She had on a white frock, but I wore a red blazer; I went to bed without tea that night. At the time it struck me as a hardship, but now, to feel again that divine thrill, I would gladly suffer such martyrdom."

"Twenty years," he mused. "Time is a curious whirligig. Everything is gone, but the old gate remains."

She shook a regretful head.

"It's the third I remember; it was only put up yesterday."

"At any rate," he consoled himself, after a momentary pause, "it's where the old gate used to stand."

The girl hesitated and glanced at a spot some yards lower down, but being unwilling, perhaps, to shatter another illusion, held her peace.

"I feel," mentioned the young man, "as though I were again seven."

"Was it exactly twenty years ago?"

"This very month," he assured her. "You were not then born."

She admitted the fact.

"And you came," she suggested, "to visit her—her shrine?"

"Her tomb," he corrected. "My little sweetheart slumbers beneath the sods of twenty years. Her only monument is doubtless a stout matron, and her epitaph 'Mrs. Somebody.' And yet I am probably her only mourner."

"Your constancy is remarkable."

"It is so easy," he murmured, "to be constant to a memory. It's not until one's ideal materialises that the strain comes."

"She may not be stout," remarked the girl, seeking to cheer him. "After all, twenty years. . . ."

"It was hereditary," he said sadly. "The fear haunted me even then."

He glanced at the house.

"That was her window," he indicated.

"Oh," said the girl, "oh, really."

"Every morning I would come and whistle beneath it, and she would pull the curtains on one side and smile down at me. We would go out together and awaken the larks to emulation—I taught her to cycle."

"To cycle," half protested his listener; "twenty years ago!"

"It was early in the morning," he reminded her, half reproachfully, "and we saw no harm in it. The bicycle was much taller than we were, which made mounting difficult, and dismounting less difficult, perhaps, but even more dangerous."

"You were on a holiday!"

"A month. How we wept at parting—here, at this self-same gate, or, rather, what was the gate then. I broke a sixpence in half, I remember, for a keepsake." He smiled reminiscently and glanced at his hand. "I have the scar still."

"And to think that you should be living here."

The girl gazed at him with puckered brows, and eyes which hinted at secret amusement.

"Somebody must live here," she remarked.

"Well, yes," he admitted; "one cannot expect constancy of a house."

The remark drew a scornful smile to her lips.

"Had you found her here you would have been sorry."

"You think so? You have seen her: she is much changed?"

"She is my sister," said the girl calmly.

The young man gazed at the distant trees in silence for a moment; when his eyes came back to her, she saw they were full of a strange wonder.

"Her sister," he repeated, and his voice had taken on a new tone; "and—she—"

"She has not forgotten you," she said gravely. Her voice shook a little as she added, "And she is not—married."

"She is——?" His questioning glance travelled to the house.

The girl shook her head, and her eyes sought his as if they would read his most secret thoughts.

"She returns to-morrow. If you still care—to meet her, you may come and have tea with us. If not—I shall say nothing of this meeting."

"Thank you," he said quietly; "I shall be here."

But she, as his footsteps died away down the road, shook her head doubtfully.

As a footstep sounded on the gravel path the girl looked up with a start. "You?" she cried, almost in dismay.

"You didn't expect me?"

"No," she admitted. The table seemed to bear out her statement, or, if visitors had been expected, but sparse provision had been made for them.

"Your sister has not arrived?"

She nodded assent, and her eyes sought the tip of a restless shoe.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured, after a slight pause.

He smiled consolingly. "After twenty years," he said cheerfully, "another day——"

"I don't mean that." She hesitated and flushed. "I—I haven't a sister." Her eyes now met his bravely.

"But——"

"I know. I told a lie." Her voice was firm, though the effort was apparent—the tone of a sinner who awaits punishment, white-faced, but unshrinking. I thought *you* were telling a story. Don't interrupt, please. I said the girl was my sister to frighten you. I never dreamed you would come this afternoon."

Her white hand quivered as it lay on the table, and she bent her head before him.

"I thought you made up the story as an excuse to speak to me."

The young man's lips twitched.

"Don't reproach yourself," he said softly; "I did."

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## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

**M**R. and Mrs. Arthur Hay-Drummond, who are to entertain the King at Cromlix when his Majesty pays his promised visit to Stirling, used to live at Ashton-Keynes, in Wiltshire. But Mr. Hay-Drummond's father, Colonel Charles Hay-Drummond, has handed over to him the Cromlix and Innerpeffray estates. Mrs. Hay-Drummond, like her sisters, Mrs. Lane and Lady Romney, is, of course, an intimate friend of the royal circle, for she is the daughter of Lady Farquhar by her first marriage to Sir Edward Scott. Mr. Hay-Drummond is a first cousin of Lord Kinnoull. Mr. and Mrs. Hay-Drummond have three daughters.



A WELL-KNOWN EXHIBITOR OF HACKNEYS: MR. CUBITT COOKE.

Mr. Cooke is a well-known exhibitor of hackneys, and only the other day sold Lady Brilliant, winner of many championships, for £1000, the purchaser being Mr. C. Ruping.

As brides some four years ago the two beautiful sisters of Lord Anglesey, being married in the same year. Lady Beatrice Herbert is two years younger than Lady Ingestre, though Lord Herbert is two years older than Lord Ingestre.

*Lord Hawke's Cousin.*

The Dowager Lady Rosse, who stands in a near degree of cousinship to Lord Hawke, the famous cricketer, will, no doubt, now return to her native county of Yorkshire, where she inherited from her father, the fourth Lord Hawke, whose only child she was, a very nice property, Womersley Park, near Pontefract. Here she and her husband used to entertain occasionally, and they were fond of giving private theatricals; but the late Lord Rosse was a most conscientious landlord, and preferred to spend most of his time on his Irish estates. The Dowager Lady Rosse, who bears the uncommon and picturesque name of Cassandra, is extremely popular in Dublin Society, as was also her daughter, Lady Muriel, who was married two years ago to Colonel H. M. Grenfell.

*The Mikado's Ambassador.* The late Japanese Ambassador, Count Komura, who has just become the

*Brothers-in-Law's Birthdays.*

Yesterday (Sept. 8) both Lord Ingestre and Lord Herbert celebrated their birthdays, the former being twenty-six and the latter twenty-eight. It is most curious how these two future Earls seem to have been Damon and Pythias, or David and Jonathan. They have, indeed, always been great friends; they belong to the same regiment, the "Blues"; and they bore off

cessor at the Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens in Mr. Takaaki Kato. Mr. Kato is sure of a warm welcome, for he is already well known in London, having been Japanese Minister here from 1893 to 1901, before the Legation was raised to the status of an Embassy. It was Mr. Kato, indeed, who established it in its present home in Grosvenor Gardens, where Mme. Kato, a charming lady distinguished for her exceptional taste in dress, used to give the most delightful little dinners. Ladies will remember Mme. Kato's marvellous six-row pearl necklace and her tiara of diamond stars. Curiously enough, Mr. Kato has already occupied the post of Foreign Minister, to which his predecessor in London has been appointed. He is the proprietor of the Japanese newspaper, *Nichi Nichi*, and will be able to compare notes on journalism with his diplomatic colleague, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

*Another Peerage Romance.*

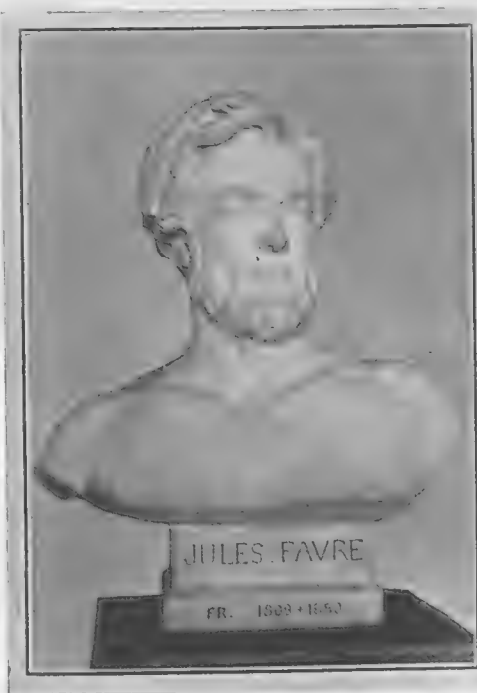
Lord Poulett, who has added another actress to the Peerage, seems to have been born under a romantic star, for he had already succeeded to the title when a somewhat formidable claimant to his earldom arose in the person of the organ-grinder who at one time was so well known to Londoners, if only because above his organ he had printed in clear letters the words "Viscount Hinton." Lord Poulett became a Benedick on the eve of his twenty-fifth birthday, for he reaches that comfortable age on the day after to-morrow. The young peer has seen a good deal of the world: he has travelled far and wide, and two years ago he took over the Mastership of the Seavington Harriers, who hunt a splendid country in Somerset and Dorset. Hinton St. George, where Lord and Lady Poulett will shortly take up their residence, is one of the finest country seats in the West of England, and it is said that the Poulett estates are worth over half-a-million. The new Countess is a daughter of Mr. Fred Storey, the well-known comedian who, with Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie, did so much to keep the sacred lamp burning at the Gaiety. She has been acting most recently as understudy to Miss Olive May in "Havana," at the Gaiety Theatre.

Mikado's Minister for Foreign Affairs, has made an admirable choice for his successor in Grosvenor Gardens in Mr. Takaaki Kato. Mr. Kato is sure of a warm welcome, for he is already well known in London, having been Japanese Minister here from 1893 to 1901, before the Legation was raised to the status of an Embassy. It was Mr. Kato, indeed, who established it in its present home in Grosvenor Gardens, where Mme. Kato, a charming lady distinguished for her exceptional taste in dress, used to give the most delightful little dinners. Ladies will remember Mme. Kato's marvellous six-row pearl necklace and her tiara of diamond stars. Curiously enough, Mr. Kato has already occupied the post of Foreign Minister, to which his predecessor in London has been appointed. He is the proprietor of the Japanese newspaper, *Nichi Nichi*, and will be able to compare notes on journalism with his diplomatic colleague, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.



THE EARL WHO HAS MARRIED AN ACTRESS: LORD POULETT.

As we note on another page, William John Lydston Poulett (seventh Earl) was married last week to Miss Sylvia Storey, daughter of Mr. Fred Storey.—[Photograph by Johnstone and Hoffmann.]

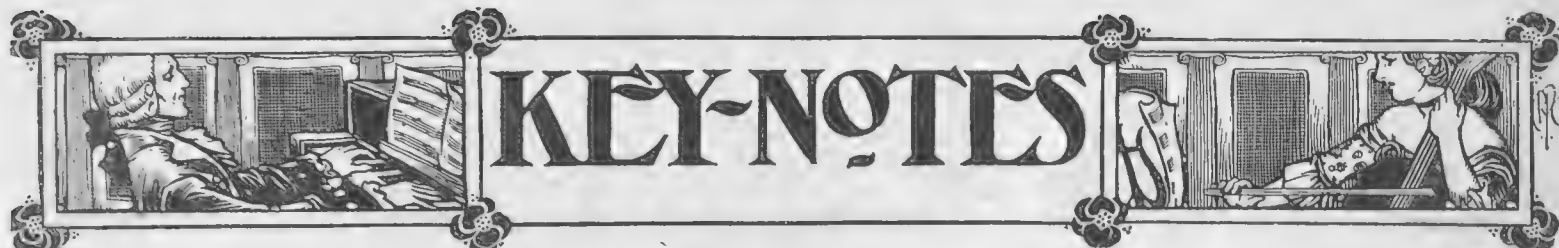


BUSTS ON WHICH IMMORTALS HAVE STRUCK MATCHES: THE BUSTS OF JULES FAVRE AND PROSPER MÉRIMÉE THAT HAVE BEEN DISFIGURED BY MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

The Immortals of the French Academy found the marble bust of Mérimée, which stood in a handy corner in the vestibule at the Institute of France, remarkably useful for striking matches on, with the result that the neck of the bust was badly marked by streaks of sulphur. Then the chief porter removed the bust, and put a bust of Jules Favre in its place. This bust has now been treated in the same fashion, and it is said even that the Immortals are rejoicing over the change, for the particular kind of marble of which the Favre bust is made offers a rougher, and so for match-striking purpose a better, surface than did the Mérimée bust.

Photographs by Topical.





IT is a strong hold that Mme. Tetrazzini has taken upon the British public, and lovers of fine singing show no disposition to wait for another spring in order to hear her again. As there is no autumn opera season to keep Italian artists with us right down to the time when their presence will be required in the Metropolitan or Manhattan, in New York, or the great opera-houses of the Continent, a tour has been arranged for Mme. Tetrazzini, who, between Sept. 28 and Oct. 23, is to appear at Brighton, Bournemouth, and Cheltenham, in the South; and at Birmingham, Leeds, Sunderland, Newcastle, Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, and Sheffield. Scotland will also have an opportunity of hearing her, for she is booked to sing in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. Only three of the engagements—those in Bournemouth, Cheltenham, and Edinburgh—are for afternoon concerts, the rest are for the evening; and when the tour is at an end, the prima-donna will face the unfriendly waters of the Atlantic, and seek fresh triumphs in the city called by its inhabitants N'York.

It is no bad thing to decentralise music, to send the best singers and players all over the country; it will give a healthy, even though unnecessary, stimulus to the study of singing in the provinces, and should incidentally develop the taste for opera. Great Britain, with its one acknowledged opera-house, compares very unfavourably with every other great country in which music flourishes. Germany and Italy support opera-houses by the score; even Spain and Portugal are better off than we are. The quality of the performances given in the provinces has improved considerably of late, but in years past we have been among an unfortunate audience at representations calculated to make any sensitive music-lover vow, and with sufficient reason, that he would never listen to opera again. In "Faust," we have seen a buxom and middle-aged Marguerite, wearing a wedding-ring, supported by a tenor of enormous proportions, who, when he attacked a high passage, tightened all his muscles and closed his eyes. Even in the most impassioned moments he never turned his gaze from the gallery to devote it to the object of his affections. And the part of Faust was not his worst.

The United States have given a very hearty welcome to Miss May Mukle, the young cellist, who should reach New York to-day for her second tour in that land of enthusiasm and high fees. On her return to London she will join Madame Beatrice Langley, the violinist, in the string quartet that has provided so many pleasant "Twelve o'Clocks" for women who weary in the pursuit of bargains and are anxious to find respite from the fatigues of shopping before the luncheon hour gives them a legitimate excuse for returning

home. The quality of these midday concerts has been excellent. The promoters have given the town a novelty, and they would seem to have gained a good reward for their daring, for each season has been better than its predecessor.

Mr. Oswald Stoll, director of the Coliseum, has arranged with the Amalgamated Musicians' Union to organise a series of Sunday concerts at the Stoll Empires in London. These concerts, which are, of course, purely experimental, are designed to serve philanthropic ends. For, while the musicians will receive a fee for their work, all profits of the venture will go to the Musicians' Benevolent

Fund. Two hundred players in all are to be engaged, and they will be divided so that there will be a band of stringed instruments at the Coliseum on one Sunday, and one of brass and reeds on another. Each orchestra will consist of a hundred performers, and the section that is not engaged at the Coliseum will appear at one of the other London houses directed by Mr. Stoll. It is proposed to invite different London conductors to preside. There seems to be no reason why the experiment should not succeed, and add not only to the resources of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, but to the gaiety of the town. The first concert will take place at the end of September, when the players will give their fees to start the addition to the Benevolent Fund. It is to be hoped that nobody will object to this very harmless addition to the limited attractions of the London Sunday. People who are not church-goers might easily find worse employment than attending a concert, even though it be given at a music-hall.



A FIXED STAR AT THE PALACE: MISS MARGARET COOPER.

Miss Margaret Cooper has so long been a prominent and popular feature of the Palace Theatre programme that she may well be called a fixed star. Just now she is appearing at the special Maud Allan Wednesday matinées. It has been said that Miss Cooper wears a different dress at every performance.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.

afterwards that it arose from the fact that two players in the wood-wind section changed their desks and forgot to change their music. How many amusing incidents of this kind could conductors relate. They are, perhaps, rather a short-tempered race, but they do not lack ample excuse. One impresario, now no longer with us, told the writer of an experience he suffered at a time when a short season was being financed by a very sharp business man. Impresario and financier were at rehearsal, and on a sudden the latter rushed up to my friend and said, "There's a man in the orchestra you ought to dismiss. I've watched him for ten minutes, and he has never played a note." He hurried the impresario to the edge of the dress-circle and pointed in excited fashion to a bassoon-player, whose unwieldy instrument was enjoying a long rest. Much explanation was required to keep the desk occupied, the impresario's extravagance being roundly criticised.

COMMON CHORD.

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Astrology for the Drawing-Room.**

Wherever you put your head nowadays, you are confronted with the amateur astrologist, and pretty ladies devote many hours a day to discovering the influence of the stars on their destiny, and particularly on that of their admirers. It is said that in Japan a marriage seldom takes place if the horoscopes of the engaged couple do not show suitability. This quaint practice is being revived in the drawing-rooms of this sophisticated island, and several promising amours are being held in abeyance while the heads of the family—for all the world like the Cæsars of old—take counsel of the stars. For this reason young men and maidens should be chary of giving the exact date and hour of their birth to outsiders. For who knows if the person to whom they confide it may not promptly set to work to make out an unfavourable character, and prognosticate a disastrous future career? For this "science" is a serious matter to those who believe in it, and it would be a bold man who would take unto himself a wife who was born under the wrong constellation and with the Houses of the Planets in opposition. This, by-the-bye, is far from being the correct phraseology, but it is as near as the mere Philistine can get. Altogether, it is not a pleasing idea that some intimate enemy is occupied in discovering your past, appraising your present, and even peering into your future. If astrology is to become the most popular pastime of our drawing-rooms, the secrets of the horoscope must be as inviolate as those of the confessional.

**The Modern Stoics.**

There is a new and tiresome theory abroad that no one must ever look, or feel, fatigued. A rude health and buoyant spirits are in high fashion, and in these days of constant gadding and high pressure, the obligation of being always alert, sprightly, and cheerful is one which cannot be faced without trepidation by those who have just emerged from the turmoil of the town. The new stoics, to be sure, are generally sweet-and-twenty; and their youth stands them in good stead when a pleased smile and a nimble wit must be at hand in all contingencies. But, unfortunately, Youth sets the fashion, and the elders must follow as they can, or be condemned to the outer darkness where dwell the frumps and fogies. To sit silent in a chattering company is to be voted a kill-joy; to appear fatigued argues you an invalid; and to want to go to bed is held to be an eccentricity of a marked kind. Moreover, the new stoicism includes an absolute indifference to meals at regular times, like certain barbarians, you may chew betel or drink coca in private, but you must be

able to go your eight hours or so without food; while to drink you must be absolutely indifferent, and willing to imbibe vodka or cold water, tea or Mouton Rothschild, as the chances of travel and change permit. It is not to be denied that the new stoicism makes for manliness and endurance in boys and girls. It is only their grandparents who suffer in trying to emulate them.

**The American Girl—New Style.**

I have lately been reading a novel by Mr. Robert Chambers, in which the American plutocracy is depicted in no very flattering fashion. Yet Mr. Chambers, as an American novelist, may be presumed to know what his modish contemporaries are like. It is the younger women, particularly the *jeunes filles à marier* and the lively wives who are represented in so unamiable a light. Not a woman of them all but does not propose to the man she fancies; the heroine coquettes outrageously with a handsome young dipsomaniac while she is betrothed to a distasteful millionaire, and another beautiful and presumed innocent maiden shows depravity enough to make a cavalryman blush, and sufficient cupidity to set her up as a successful financier in Wall Street. These up-to-date American girls are, moreover, interested only in shooting, hunters, and dogs; they gamble, smoke, take valuable presents, and regard their marriage engagements and marriage vows in the most sketchy and casual light. After "The House of Mirth," which was a revelation to the amazed European, Mr. Chambers's "Fighting Chance" comes not so much as a surprise as a further indication that America's foes are within her own frontiers, and that a plutocracy alone can never form an upper class or even a coherent Society.

**French Wives.**

The French woman receives so much unstinted adulation from her countrymen, and the uninstructed Anglo-Saxon is so ready to follow suit, that it comes as a slight shock to our prejudices to be told by Mr. W. L. George in his "France in the Twentieth Century" that the French wife, in spite of all her tact, cleverness, and business capacity, "is dour, tends to become mercenary, and is distinctly avaricious; that she is inclined to forego pleasures that must be paid for, and that, being a stay-at-home, her wits, though not homely, are restricted within very narrow limits." No one who has ever talked to a middle-class Frenchwoman can have

failed to see that she is interested in nothing outside her own country, and in very little outside her own family. To the female Gallic mind, the world beyond French frontiers is a world of barbarians, and, moreover, in many cases of barbarians doubled by heretics, and it is this curious mental attitude which makes our neighbours across the Channel in a sense the Chinese of Europe.



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A CHARMING DINNER-GOWN FOR THE SEASON'S WEAR.



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-SCOTLAND.

WHEN September came in there was a great exodus from the seaside towns of the North. The lodges and large houses are still full, for the Scottish season extends to the end of the month, finishing with the Northern Meeting at Inverness, and some further gaieties. The King is due at Tulchan Lodge on the 14th for several days' shooting with Mr. Arthur Sassoon. Mrs. Arthur Sassoon has arranged for a small party of the King's intimate friends to meet him. About the 26th his Majesty is to open the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Dunblane. Probably his stay in Scotland will conclude soon after. It has been wonderful weather up here in Sutherlandshire. For three weeks there has been practically no rain, though the wind has been high; some days even then it was warm and sunny. Lady Sarah Wilson was out on the links one day, playing with Doctor "Jim," of South African fame. She looked very business-like in a brown tweed coat and skirt and cap, and a plain, thin silk shirt and turned-down collar, and a brown tie under it.

Among the things which thoughtful women include in their holiday kits, especially if they are motoring or boating or golfing, are some bottles of 4711 Eau de Cologne. It is extraordinarily refreshing. Some drops in the water for washing, after some hours in the sun and wind, are a capital skin tonic. Used in small quantity in the velvet soft water of the country for one's bath, it makes it a real luxury. It is most useful also for curing headaches. There is something about it quite different from ordinary Eau de Cologne; a little sprayed on the back of the head and behind the ears disperses the obstinate headache. A most refreshing thing for a motor tour is to carry some, diluted with water, in a flask, and apply it on a pad. It is absolutely pure, and may therefore be freely used for the most delicate complexion, but it should be diluted with water.

Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck plays a good game of golf. She motored over here the other day from Langwell, and was out on the links for a game. Langwell, which is most beautifully situated on the Ord of Caithness, is about twenty-five miles from here. The fame of these Brora links is growing so much that we have motorists from afar off coming to play. Many foursomes and matches are played by people who motor from Dornoch, where the course is often congested, and many hotels are so full that motor tourists cannot get in there. These links are specially sporting and very long. The crofters have the right of grazing over them, and will not allow the grass through the greens to be cut. The greens themselves are in capital order. Through the green there is nothing much to complain of; many players prefer it to a model course. The Duke of Sutherland is said to be very anxious to improve the course, and has offered the crofters better grazing elsewhere, but they cling tenaciously to their rights.

A thing on which one's comfort is very dependent is the quality of soap one uses. I find that it makes a great difference to one's skin. The masses of men and more women who put all their faith in Erasmic soap will be glad to know that the boxes of three tablets, hitherto sold for a 1s., are now 11½d. With soap in such wide and

well deserved favour, such a reduction means a good deal in the year to the large householder. The single tablets remain at the usual price of 4d.

The Right Hon. Winston Churchill's wedding, fixed for this week, will take many people back to town, myself among the number. It is to be at St. Margaret's, Westminster, which is the Parliamentarians' church, in which they have sittings by right.

There are to be five bridesmaids; one of the bride's sisters will be the principal one, and will walk alone behind the bride. Miss Horatia Seymour, Miss Madeleine Whyte, Miss Clare Frewen, and the Hon. Venetia Stanley will walk in pairs behind. Miss Frewen is the daughter of Mrs. Moreton Frewen, and is the bridegroom's cousin, Mrs. Frewen being Mrs. George Cornwallis-West's sister. Miss Venetia Stanley is the youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Stanley of Alderley, and is a cousin of the bride, whose great-grandmother, the late Dowager Lady Stanley of Alderley, was so celebrated a woman—a great toast in her youth, daughter of the thirteenth Viscount Dillon, a friend of Melbourne and Palmerston, and the pioneer of higher education for women. Bishop Welldon is to give the address at the wedding, which is fitting, as he was headmaster at Harrow when the bridegroom-elect was at school there.

There is something peculiarly sprightly and fascinating about Florida water—that is, if fine quality be carefully chosen. This, it is well known, Murray and Lanman's is. It is so clean-smelling and so invigorating and refreshing, and yet mild and delightful. It is the favourite toilet-water and perfume of millions, and adds to all its other attractions those of lastingness and cheapness. But, in buying it, it is very necessary to secure the right kind.

There was a bazaar in Brora last week, to clear a debt of £3000 off the Brora Mission Church. The Duchess of Sutherland was to have opened it, but was unable to get down from the extreme North in time to do so. Her place was taken by her mother, Blanche, Countess of Rosslyn, who motored over from Dunrobin. She made a felicitous little speech, and when the small opening ceremony—accompanied, in good Scottish style, by psalm and prayer—was concluded, she went to every stall and made purchases. Next day the bazaar was opened by Mrs. Gunnis, of Gordonbush. Her

place is one of the most beautifully situated in this beautiful neighbourhood. It is in a wood above Loch Brora, above the opposite sides of which rise purple heather-clad hills. The house is surrounded by woods, chiefly fir, and the gardens are just now a glow of colour.

The King of Spain called on Messrs. Wilson and Gill, 139-141, Regent Street, the other day and purchased several diamond ornaments, sets of silver and enamel sporting menu-holders, waistcoat buttons, and other articles.

For Folkestone

races the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run special club trains, the fares for which will be: first-class only, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure, 20s.; not including admission, 8s. There will also be special trains, third class only—return day fare, 6s. (including admission to the course).



A TROPHY FOR THE 13TH HUSSARS.

We illustrate one of three important challenge shields prepared by Messrs. Elkington, of 22, Regent Street, S.W., Birmingham, etc., to the order of the commanding officers of the 13th Hussars. One is for squadron shooting, another for regimental cricket, and a third for skill at arms. All the designs illustrate characteristic events in the history of the regiment.



A GUIDE TO COMPETITORS IN THE DAIMLER MOTOR COMPANY'S DRAWING COMPETITION.

The Daimler Motor Company (1904), Limited, is offering for competition three prizes of the value of five guineas, three guineas, and one guinea, for the three best motoring sketches submitted which are, in the opinion of the Daimler Company, most suitable for reproduction in postcard form. The subject of the drawing must be humorous; the choice of medium is left to the artist. The decision of the Daimler Company must be accepted as final in all cases, and competitors are requested to enclose with their sketches stamped addressed envelopes for the return of those sketches if unsuccessful. Sketches must be packed flat, and must be addressed to the Manager, Advertising Department, the Daimler Company (1904), Limited, Coventry. Entry forms and rules can be obtained from this address, and must accompany all sketches. Above is a reproduction of a postcard issued by the Daimler Company last year, which should serve as a guide to intending competitors.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 28.*

## PROSPECTS FOR BUSINESS.

NINETEEN-DAY accounts are not generally expected to do the Stock Exchange markets much good; but for some time past they have been belying their traditional reputation, and quite respectable results have accrued from several of them within the last two years or so. Naturally, the House cherishes high hopes of the coming Settlement turning out trumps in the way of business, and there is some justification for the optimism. Whatever may be the reason, it is an undoubted fact that people are more willing to turn their attention to the markets, and genuine investment business of good, sound character is accompanying the greater interest with which the speculative markets are regarded. These are early days to prophesy, but indications point to business being much better this autumn and winter than it was in the corresponding period last year.

## TRADE.

Slack trade is, of course, always supposed to be a good thing for the stock markets, inasmuch as it makes for cheap money and drives into the Stock Exchange capital that would be required for trade purposes if the manufacturers were busy. Well, we have seen the Board of Trade Returns falling off at a heavy rate for the past six months, but it has made little enough difference to Stock Exchange business, even with money a drug in the market. The prospect of trade improving, however, has given an impetus to confidence, and is doing quotations actual good. Reports speak of greater activity in the iron, coal, and steel industries. Hives of work like the Clyde are beginning to hum again with fresh orders. Metal merchants in the City speak of a greater disposition on the part of their customers to buy. The textile trade, unfortunately, still suffers from the reaction of its wonderful boom, and other branches of commerce continue to report dullness in various spheres. But, on the whole, the trade of the country at large does look as if it would revive, and the factor is operating favourably upon Stock Exchange markets generally.

## HOME RAILWAY ASPIRATIONS.

Violent changes of sentiment in regard to Home Railway stocks are a great deal more noticeable amongst jobbers in the market than amongst the public outside. There is really not much to "go for" in Home Rails—so little attraction in present prices, save their low levels, as compared with those of recent years. The economies to be effected by the working agreements, and the reduction in some of the coal bills are put forward as strong bull points. Granted that they may be, are not the days too young at present for the working agreements to have effected drastic economies? We are led to maintain a cautious attitude in regard to Home Rails by the labour outlook, but it must be thankfully recorded that the long-continued friction between the employers and engineers in the North gives signs of an amicable settlement before the hard weather starts. Were the Board of Trade figures to take a turn for the better, what an uprising in Home Railway stocks there would be! Yet investors are not very keen on these securities at present. When revival comes, the man who has bought North Eastern Consols at to-day's prices will be accounted a shrewd fellow.

## FIVE PER CENT.

Not to put all the eggs into one basket is axiomatic of sound financial sense; how to obtain 5 per cent. on one's money, with good security, is always a problem. May we suggest one way, out of many thousands? The 5 per Cent. bonds of the South Manchuria Railway are guaranteed unconditionally by the Japanese Government, and can be bought at 98½, thereby yielding rather over 5 per cent. on the money. The 5 per Cent. Third Debenture stock of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway is to be obtained at 105½, free of stamp duty, and with a half-year's interest due at the end of this month. So the return works out to little under 5 per cent. In front of this stock ranks about 2½ millions of other Debenture stock, but behind it is 5 millions of Preference, Preferred, and Deferred capital, upon all of which 5 per cent. is being paid; while the price of the Deferred stands about 139. Put the South Manchuria and the Antofagasta Third Debenture together, and the yield works out as nearly as possible to 5 per cent. on the money. There is, withal, the likelihood of both securities quietly advancing in value, and the risk attached to the stocks is exceedingly light when compared with the good return which they pay.

## CANADIAN PACIFICS.

It must not be supposed that, because the Canadian Pacific Railway asks for powers to increase its capital by fifty million dollars more Ordinary stock, the Company will offer it at once to proprietors. Sooner or later, the issue will, of course, be made, but the last new emission is not fully paid yet, and the Canadian Pacific is likely to wait a bit before making another allotment. Shareholders naturally expect to get it on much the same terms as the former issues—namely, in the proportion of about 20 per cent. of their present holdings, at the price of par—a most extravagant way of raising the money, but one which obviously appeals strongly to allottees, who not only receive a splendid bonus in this way, but also find that the quotation for their stock is kept at a high level in consequence of the "rights" attaching to it. With these new shares to come as a prospective "plum," Canadian Pacifics may be expected to hold their price; but so far as the Dominion is concerned, there is a hard winter

ahead of it, and if Canadas get anywhere between 190 and 200, the shares should certainly be sold.

## TRUNKS.

Without such adventitious aid as a new issue at a bonus price to assist them, the present prices for Grand Trunk junior stocks are difficult to justify. That the Company will before long be asking for fresh capital on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific we can readily suppose, and the dividend on Third Preference fades into the further distance with each issue of Guaranteed or Debenture stock that comes out. The quotations for the Third Preference and the Ordinary are maintained at artificial prices, supported by statements which the General Manager is said to have made with reference to the dividends being met, in all probability, upon the First and Second Preferences at the end of the financial year. The July monthly statement showed how a published decrease in the traffics of £135,000 in a month can be whittled down to £21,000, but even this kind of book-keeping will not hold up the prices of the stocks indefinitely. There is a big bear account, and how easily this can be squeezed is evidenced by recent movements in the prices. Grand Trunks are not worth their present prices, but they are dangerous things to be out of, and unless a speculator is fully prepared to find money "to see the thing through," he may, perhaps, be well advised to close his commitments on a day when prices are dull.

## SOUTH AFRICANS.

Our correspondent "Q" points out some of the directions in which the Kaffir boomlet is likely to affect shares other than those of the mining companies:

The marked recovery in the prices of South African Gold Mining shares is likely to have a more widespread effect than is at present realised. Other South African Companies only indirectly connected with the Rand will be the first to benefit, for South Africa has been suffering for a long time from want of capital even more than from want of labour; and if the present movement continues, it will be possible, for the first time for many years, to obtain the capital required for developing the mineral and other resources of the country. No one has ever doubted the enormous mineral wealth still undeveloped, but till now want of confidence has put a stop to all enterprise. The political conditions remain as unsatisfactory as ever from the British point of view, but in all other respects prospects are brighter than at any time since the War. The immediate results of the return of confidence and of the attraction of fresh capital to South Africa will be the increase of employment and of business generally, and the tide of white population will begin to flow to, instead of from, the Continent. Johannesburg itself will be, of course, the first to feel the effects of the changed conditions, and it is not too much, perhaps, to expect that some of its former prosperity may return, and some of the great anticipations at one time entertained as to its future be realised. Your readers will be wise, therefore, to be on the look-out for such investments, outside the Mines themselves, as may be expected in time to benefit from a revival of business in South Africa. Many such will suggest themselves to them, but, as indicating the kind of investment I mean, I may mention South African Breweries shares; now about 30s., which have never in the thirteen years of their existence paid less than 12½ per cent., and last year paid 15 per cent.; or such a share as African City Properties Trust Ordinary at about 8s., or the 6 per cent. Cum. Pref. at 15s. A long list of such shares might be made, but those I have mentioned will indicate the field in which attractive purchases may be made, with, perhaps, a greater prospect of profit than in the Kaffir Market itself.

It is something of an anomaly that the 3½ per cent. Debenture stock of the Industrial and General Trust Company is quoted 90-92, at which the return is £3 17s., while the new 4 per cent. Debenture stock, which ranks *pari passu* with the 3½ per cent. stock, can be bought at 99½, and therefore returns just over 4 per cent. It is true that the 4 per cent. stock can be redeemed after 1912 at 102, while the 3½ per cent. cannot be redeemed under 105, but it may be taken as quite certain that the new stock will not be for long purchasable under 102, and it must be regarded as a bargain at its present figure.

The public seems to be at last waking up to the value of Taquah Mining and Exploration, which have advanced to 2½. I hear that the manager, who has just arrived in this country, is very sanguine as to the future of the mine, and that the returns may be expected to increase steadily. These shares may easily go to £4 this year. Q.

Saturday, Sept. 5, 1908.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

G. L. B.—Should close the Grand Trunks, unless you care to run the stock for some time. The Kaffir shares ought to be kept.

SINBAD—(1) Please see our note on Canadians. (2) Should sell. (3) East Rands. (4) Two good investments are suggested above. (5) We do not believe in Districts.

W. B.—To many correspondents. Stockbrokers will tell if a premium bond has been drawn, and, if not, what the value is.

The directors of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited (112, Regent Street), announce an interim dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares of the Company for the six months ended July 31, 1908, and at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Preference shares, both payable on Sept. 25 next.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The St. Leger should be won by Your Majesty, and Ebor ought to be placed. Other selections for Doncaster are: Cleveland Handicap, Verdy; Rufford Abbey Handicap, Reality; Tattersall Sale Stakes, Oilskin; Wharnclyffe Handicap, Greywell; Portland Handicap, Poor Boy; Alexandra Handicap, Peter Pan; Rous Plate, Sunflower II.; Prince of Wales's Nursery, Riverina; Doncaster Cup, The White Knight; Doncaster Stakes, Santo Strato; Westmorland Welter, Elspeth; Park Hill Stakes, Siberia. At Hull, I think Fortiter will win the New Holland Nursery, Allegretto the Hedon Nursery, Cuffs the Grimsby Handicap, and Cocksure II. the Gold Cup. At Folkestone, Fabric ought to win the Folkestone Handicap, and Muscosa the Dover Handicap.



## THE MERE MAN.

ON SLEEPING IN THE OPEN AIR.

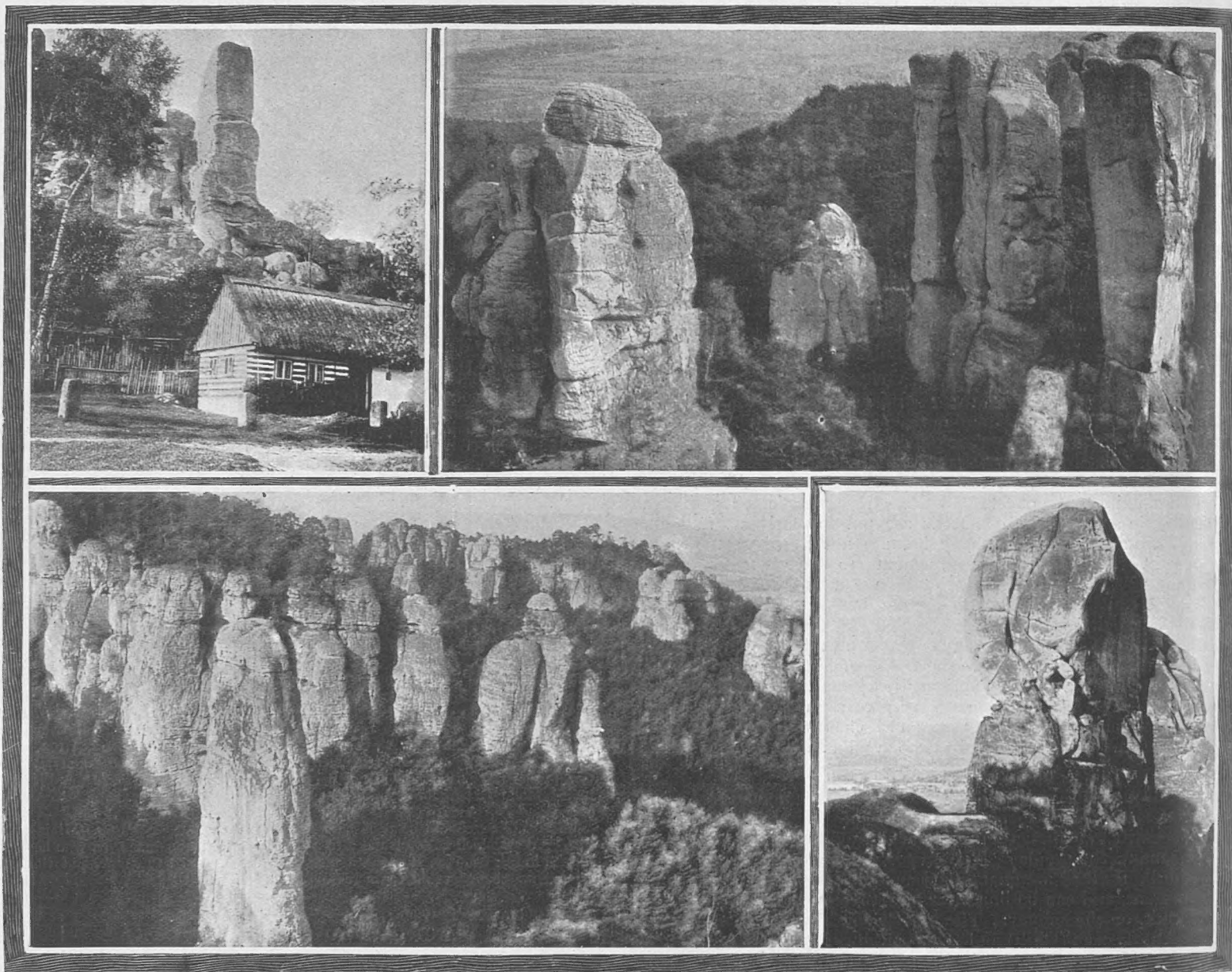
IT is getting rather too late in the year for sleeping in the open air, for even if there is no rain, the garden is very damp.

But sleeping in the open air does not necessarily mean that the sleeper is exposed to the wind and rain. Such an exposure would do more harm than good, even to the strongest, and as the idea of sleeping in the open is to benefit by pure air and not to catch cold, that would be a quite superfluous proceeding. It is possible to sleep in the fresh air without being blown about or rained upon, and there are very few nights in the year when there is any necessity to shut oneself up in a stuffy bedroom, even though it may be impossible to sleep out of doors and under the sky.

The idea that strikes everyone who approaches sleeping in the fresh air for the first time is a hammock slung between two trees in the garden, and the sleeper wrapped in a rug, running the risk

help it will sleep for very long, much less all the year round. But outside Central London there are few houses which have not some sort of a garden or open space near them, and there the windows can be left wide open all night. We want quite as much fresh air at night as in the daytime; and, as long as the wind does not blow on one's head, it is impossible to have too much ventilation. The best way is to have a thorough current of air through the room at some distance from the bed; but, as many rooms have only one window, that is often very difficult to obtain.

If there is only one window in the room the bed should be arranged so that the head is not exactly opposite. The direct draught of air and also the light—which on a summer's morning is a very important consideration—can easily be shut off by curtains; and a screen on the side of the bed opposite the window is a very effectual way of stopping the current of cold air, which is so apt to give neuralgia, more especially to town-dwellers. It is the air blowing through a window on the head and



A ROCKY EDEN: THE SANDSTONE CITY IN THE BOHEMIAN PARADISE.

The tourist who wishes to break fresh ground might do very far worse than pay a visit to the "Bohemian Paradise," there to see not only the countryside itself, but that great feature of the countryside, the city of rocks. Of this city we print one or two illustrations, photographs that give but a slight idea of the giants of sandstone that are in it. As a starting-point, the tourist can take Turnov; and he should see, especially, Mala Skala, Hruha Skala, and the Prachov Rocks.

of a summer shower without any covering for his or her head. This sort of thing, though it is quite possible in the South of Europe, is not often to be done in England, even in the height of summer, for, even if there is no rain at night, there is often a heavy dew, which is quite as effectual a soaker. When it is feasible, it is a delightful way of passing the night, but it is so rarely worth risking that it may be left out of consideration. The best out-of-door sleeping-place is a shed with movable walls, which can be arranged without much trouble to keep off the wind and any damp that may be falling. In this way the sleeper gets all the advantage of the open air without any of its disadvantages. The sides of the shed should be of wood and portable, so that they can be put up on the windward side and taken down on the leeward side. Then with sufficient wraps to keep the body warm you have an ideal sleeping place.

In a country house or cottage such an arrangement can be easily made, but in London or in the suburbs it is generally out of the question. But that is no reason why the bedroom windows should be shut up and the room hermetically sealed against all fresh air. In London too much open window has its disadvantages of noise and backyards, but London is a place in which no one who can

face which makes so many people shut their windows closely and breathe a stuffy atmosphere all night, with the result that they wake in the morning with a dull head, and almost as sleepy as when they went to bed. Keep the air from coming directly on to the head and face, and wrap the body up well, and no harm can possibly result. More colds are caught by living and sleeping in ill-ventilated rooms than by tramping about in the wet all day long. Far from preserving the lungs, a vitiated atmosphere weakens them and exposes them to disease.

There used to be a strange idea, which is not quite exploded even yet, that night air was harmful. As a matter of fact, it is cleaner and wholesomer than the day air, for there is less to make it impure. When our ancestors got into bed, they used to pull a nightcap down over their ears, long after they had given up wigs and taken to wearing their own hair; then they slept in four-poster or tester beds, with curtains drawn close all round them, and, with the door locked and the windows closely shuttered and curtained, they did their best to secure that the air they slept in should be thoroughly impure and exhausted. This was one of the reasons why they were old men and women at fifty instead of being in the prime of life.